Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Brough Superior do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIV No. 2007 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 9 1938

ROSS'S

Belfast Ginger Ale

At lunch its sparkling vigour will refresh you. In the evening—with whisky or brandy added—it will delight you.

Royal Soda Water

its geological origin, organic purity and mineral content commend it as a table-water of rare excellence.

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A cool, clean drink—blends perfectly with gin.

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ALL TRAVEL SICKNESS BY SEA, AIR, TRAIN OR MOTOR.

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Of all Chemists throughout the World.

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The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

Please remember the work it is doing — and help!

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GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH,
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12,000 MILES AWAY
—IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of The British Sailors' Society—A Home from Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

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Genuine Gin Cocktail

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Other recipes: Piccadilly, Martini, Dry Martini, Manhattan, Bronx, Perfect, Fifty-Fifty

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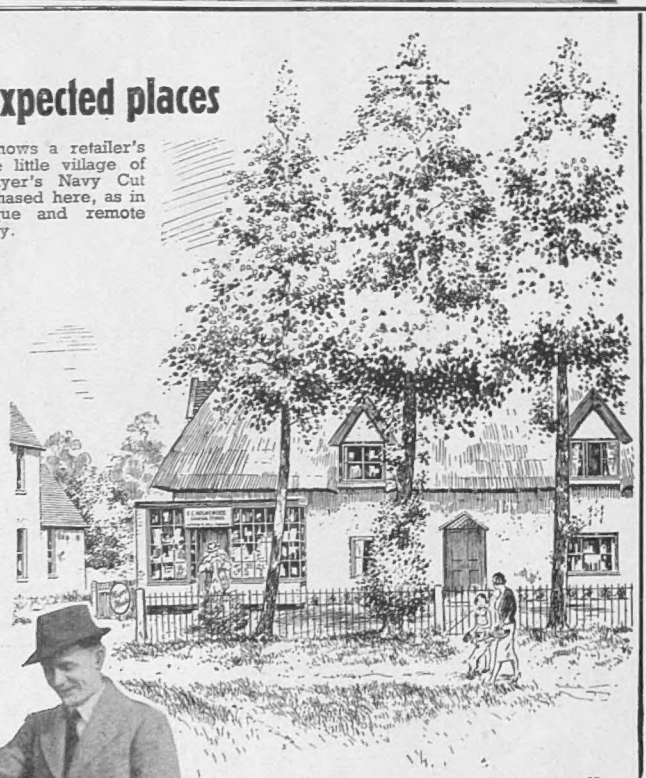
In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.



Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . in the most unexpected places . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends — Cork-tipped or Plain.

Player's Please
MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
N.C.C.43IR

BOBBY. — Motherless, father in hospital, one of the 1,200 children received last year, but—

THINK

OF THE HUNDREDS of destitute children who are still in need of a helping hand.

4,800
CHILDREN NOW IN OUR CARE.

Gifts gratefully received.
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.

WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY

Volume CLIV No. 2007

The SPHERE, London, July 9, 1938

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

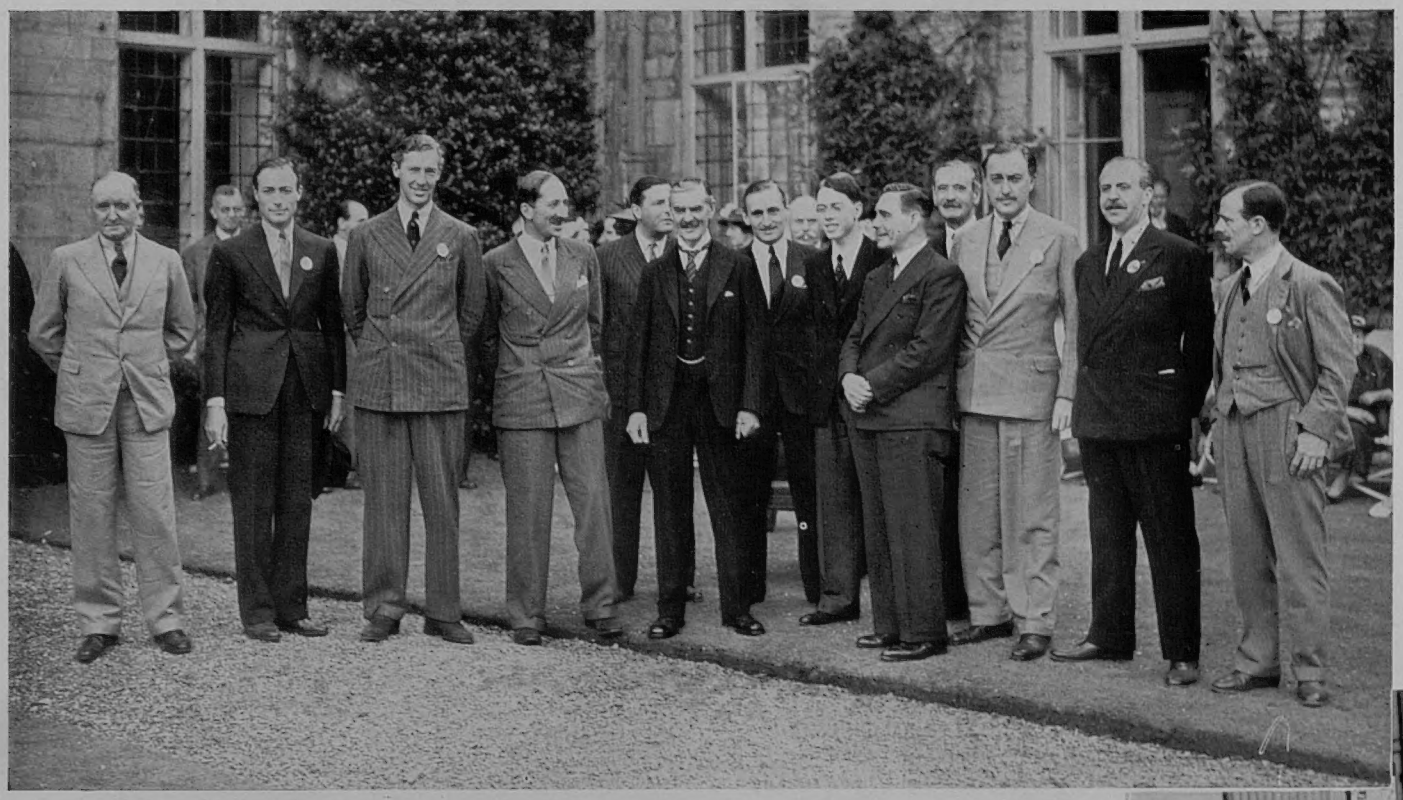
London, July 9, 1938

THE NEW ORDER OF THE ROAD

British Regiments Practise Marching in Threes on Kentish Highways

The pressure of modern traffic is felt in every direction. The Army itself is not exempt. For some time it has been realised that marching in fours was undesirable owing to congestion on the roads when a route march had to be made. Detachments of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshires are now experimenting on Kentish roads with the new formation of marching in threes instead of the usual practice of four abreast. This new order of marching will have a subsidiary result in that it will simplify the opening out, fan-wise, of a column in war drill. In this movement each file is actually a separate section, centre covering front, left covering left and right covering right. It is strange to think that modern traffic conditions will probably result in the vanishing of the old familiar cry of the sergeant of "Form Fours" which has rung so penetratingly through the parade ground

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

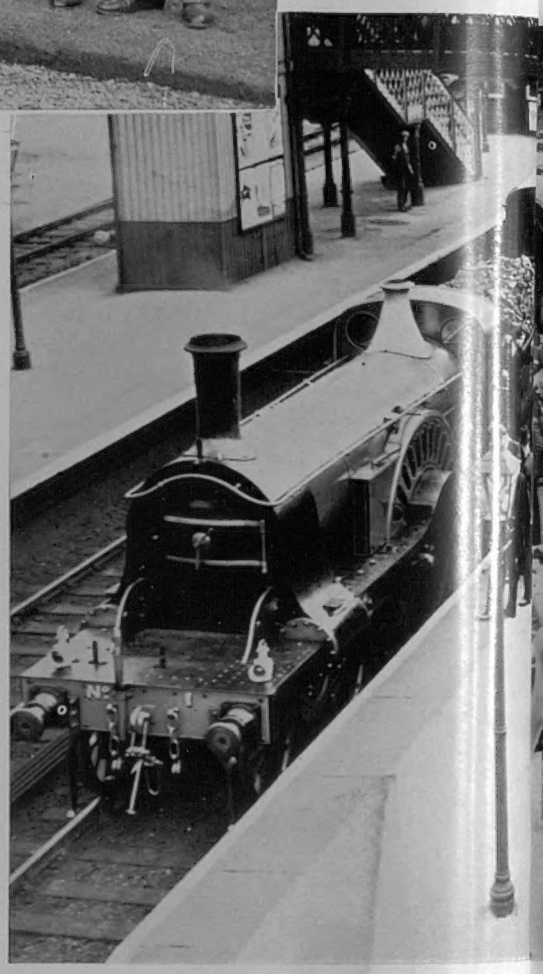


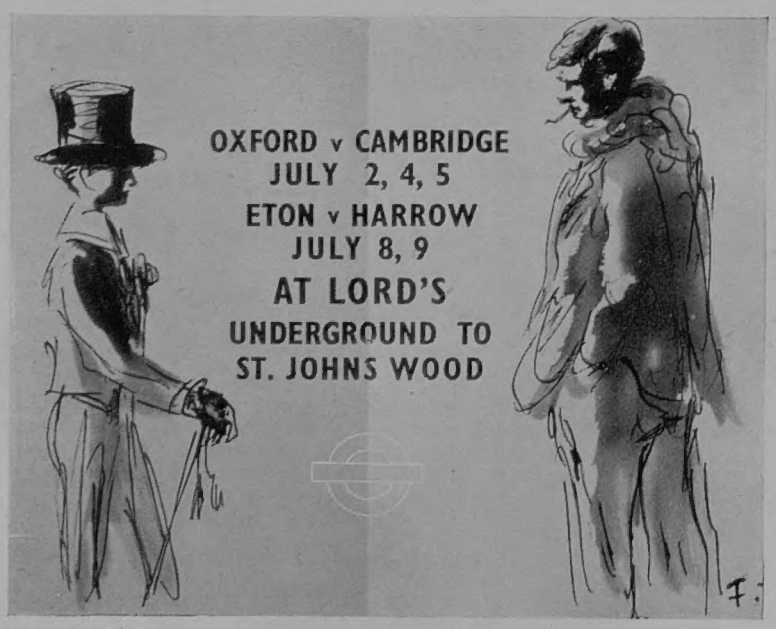
THE PRIME MINISTER CONDUCTS A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT RALLY: The Prime Minister, at the week-end, was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Boughton House, Kettering, Northamptonshire, whence he addressed some 1,500 people on the food and other policies of the Government. The Prime Minister is here seen with the East Midlands prospective Parliamentary candidates assembled at Boughton House

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 6, 1938.

PRIVILEGE.—Certain allegations made by Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., led to the institution of three separate Tribunals of Inquiry—at a busy, anxious time. No doubt, naturally, the House is quick to sense an affront to its body and to raise the question of privilege. But perhaps, as naturally, the general public is more concerned with leakage of confidential information than with the privilege of individual members of Parliament. The two issues were mixed up in this business when Mr. Sandys as a 2nd Lieut. R.A., T.A., was ordered to appear in uniform before a Court of Inquiry established by high decree to ascertain whether an Army officer had disclosed confidential information to an inquisitive questioner in search of it. It was, perhaps, inept of the Army authority responsible not to hold its hand in ordering the young M.P. to attend in his capacity of T.A. officer; for the order was needlessly punctual. But there is nothing abnormal in that precipitation. War office methods are notoriously clumsy, but with all its faults the War Office is working under war emergency conditions. Mr. Sandys is an M.P. of three or four years' standing and a T.A. officer of even less experience. If he had had a little more experience of Parliamentary procedure (and fewer big guns behind him) we should have heard less of the whole business. What many people of my sort must feel is that, of Mr. Sandys' two jobs, his military job (humble as it is) is infinitely more—I won't say important but—onerous. It takes a certain amount of training and even ability to become an efficient gunner subaltern, even with full-time practice. Any fool can become an M.P. of a sort. With a little spare money and time, a fairly thick skin, a little social or political influence, any boy or man may hope to write M.P. after his name. If he has curly hair and a winning smile and gift of the gab he may win the women over and displace an experienced man. Many men who have failed lamentably in business have become M.P.s, in no doubt of their ability to direct the nation's business. You cannot practise as a doctor, or a bricklayer, or an accountant without years of practice, but any boy or retired soldier can become a stockbroker or M.P. at once, and begin forthwith to advise his friends how to invest their money or inform them of the political issues of Europe. As regards Mr. Sandys himself, I believe he carries a premier's portfolio in his attaché case, having ability and address and increasing experience. (But it takes time to be a parliamentarian and even to be an efficient statesman.) At the moment, at any rate, we venerate him more for his one-pip in the "Terriers" than for the letters M.P. after his name.





A CLEVER POSTER ON THE UNDERGROUND: One of the cleverest of the smaller posters issued by the London Passenger Transport Board is the one here reproduced. It consists of two quick brilliant impressions of the Eton boy and the 'Varsity sportsman from drawings by Felix Topolski

THE PRINCE OF AMATEURS.—There is nothing more irritating to men who have slogged on to gain experience in some higher profession than to observe the portentous sense of importance assumed by that prince of amateurs, a new M.P., or the easy money earned in boom years by that prince of amateurs, the half-commission stockbroker "with a good connection." "A member of the House of Commons is, in the eyes of the Constitution, superior to any person or body in the Services." Yes, or in the country, in his own eyes. Oh, that some of these politicians might see themselves as others see them, and their activities and debates and pretensions as the general public sees them. Even, when primed with the pamphlets of the Central Office they are the very last people to see the wood in their preoccupation with the trees of rumour and gossip. One needs no reminder how closely and vitally the issue of privilege for the House is bound up with that most prized of all our hard-won rights as citizens, and the liberty of the subject. It is only when the issue may seem to have been raised by a chosen representative of the people in Parliament less on the broad or major issue than from personal pride or pique or even as political tactics that one resents the waste of time and money in an hour so serious. The present case is, of course, *sub judice*.

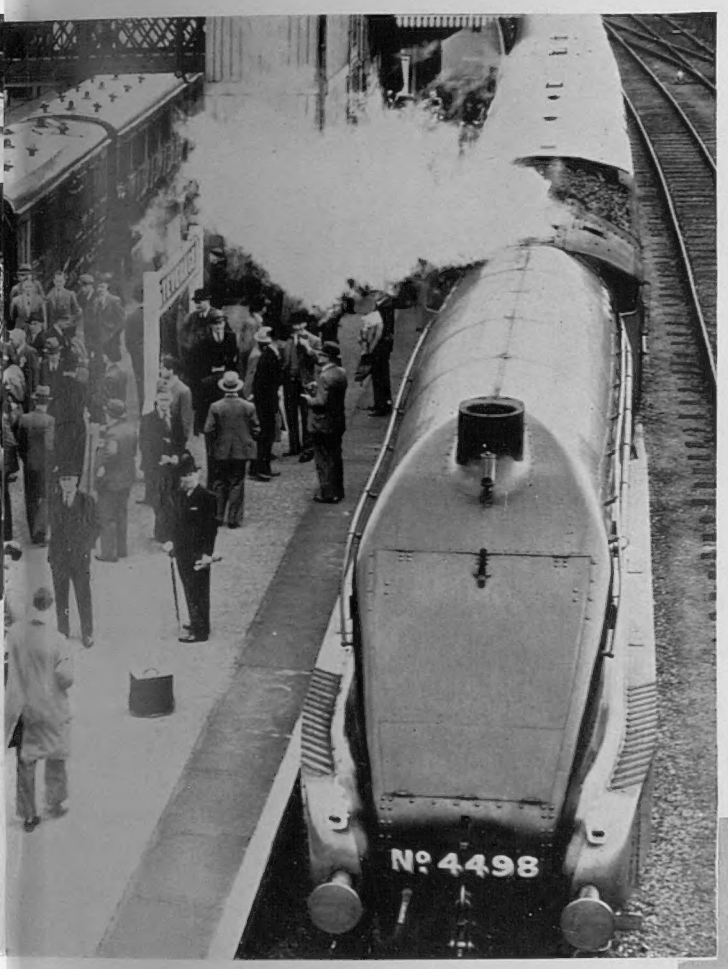
SELF-TORTURE.—The prayer of the sane citizen in German-Austria to-day must be "save us from Austrians." When victimisation, injustice, and that mass cruelty which comes when a violent party in a state is triumphant, are the rule, Hell is let loose and all who love liberty must grieve. It is easy to blame it on the Germans. No doubt the coup accomplished by Hitler made possible the present large-scale persecutions. But evidence grows to indicate that it is Austrian Nazis who are bleeding the new State of the Reich and that it is Germans—chiefly military officers—who have done and still do their utmost to work for conciliation and to put a stop to blood feud and internal vendetta. The coup let loose the pent-up tides of vengeance and political and racial reprisal held in check by the late chancellors; and at the moment it seems clear that *Austrians* are making a hell for Austria infelix. It is but justice to put forward the view. Recent history in Spain and elsewhere in the new and old world convinces us that pitilessness and ruthlessness and tyranny reach their peak in the struggles of enemies of the same blood. Among nations war-madness or mass-propaganda or the bludgeonings of fate may for a time atrophy or dull those feelings of tolerance and humanity but not kill them. Internationally, still some respect remains for the internal affairs of neighbour states and a broad dislike of interfering in the conduct of them.

E.V.L.: REFLECTIONS ON WRITING.—I am moved by the death of E. V. Lucas to put down some thoughts which often casually occur in my mind—when I shave, or drive a car along a quiet road. Writing is my trade, as it was his, and for many years I used to write for the same journals, which he served so long, the same type of essays and articles on this and that. Lucas wrote 100 books and, I expect, 4,000,000 words of journalism. By a rough computation I find that I have written for the presses of Britain 2,100,000 words in only twelve years. To write 100 books and perhaps 4,000,000 words in articles is a lot of writing—too much, maybe, for one man. What is certain is that journalism, however high-class or decent, has a

bad effect on *permanent* writing. To be a successful journalist implies a fatal facility, a too-great ease. Masterpieces are not composed with too-great ease. Lucas was a charming writer; no one claims that he was a master. He wrote some good books and scores of pot-boilers, and he was a pleasant, graceful essayist. He was also a successful, facile journalist, and without his "fatal facility" he could not have been successful. Journalism is one thing; literature another. We are wrong to persist in lumping the two under one heading. Of course there is journalism—and tripe. But the best journalism is not in the same country with literature. I go further. Most of our classic literary giants were in naked truth "one-book" men.

"ONE-BOOK" MEN.—I dare to say that Jane Austen was a "one-book" woman. *Pride and Prejudice* relegates her five other stories to the second class. Arnold Bennett wrote *The Old Wives' Tale*—and some other books. Scott wrote a number of bad novels inter alia. So did Dickens and Thackeray. Then take another type, men like George Moore. Much of what he wrote is difficult—even dull—but it is *literature*. He never forgot he was artist first, and I think the same words apply to Charles Morgan. Max Beerbohm is essayist, like Lucas. I suppose he has published year by year about one-thirtieth of Lucas's output. But he thought out and sweated over every sentence and he can be read twice and thrice. You could not read much of Lucas twice. A man can write too much if he care more for reputation than success, for posterity than present needs. Arthur Benson had that fatal facility. Most of us who have taken to ploughing the field of ink drive on because we must. There is no turning back, no pause for thought. We drive on to educate our brats, and when our brats are out in the world we have acquired the fatal facility which disqualifies us from survival to posterity with the one great book of which the very few are perhaps capable. One; two at most—no more. And that, I think, is, bluntly and broadly, *truth*.

A GREAT GAME.—Cricket is still a great game. In the last few days I have closely observed Test cricket, school cricket (Eton and Winchester) and village cricket, and I saw cricket at its best everywhere. The first day of the second Test at Lord's which included the bulk of Hammond's great innings and afforded the matchless delight of watching the Australians fielding was an experience I shall not forget. (Incidentally, it convinced me that, if appearances go for anything, the fittest man in the Kingdom is the King of England.) It was cricket at its best, pure sport, devoid of "incidents" and "sensation." It convinced me that cricket has two Enemies No. 1:—First, those ex-captains of England who beat their bats into fountain pens and make money for themselves by making "sensations" for the game which gave them their only chance of a little prominence on their own merits; who, no longer fit for cricket, are not all fit for journalism—not by a long chalk. And secondly, the super groundsmen who build up cast-iron wickets which will not wear out. It is bitter to tot up the aggregate horse-power of energy, keenness, enthusiasm, guts, that went into those two completed first-innings at Trent Bridge and at Lord's, and to realise that all that *power* and expenditure had no result at all in a decision between the sporting rivals. It was—what was it?—just a commercial exhibition lasting eight days to help the annual deficits of county cricket teams. A show or device to "bring fools into a circle" and part them from their money. Or so it was on paper. But the great game kept its spirit. It showed up McCabe and Hammond, Bradman, Brown, Compton, McCormick and O'Reilly, doing immortal deeds and the Australians turning keenness and skill in the field into a saga of poetry. I don't know how many overs McCormick bowled during these Test matches but I carried out a calculation with my watch and discovered that an average over from McCormick occupied one-third longer than the average of time taken by overs from other bowlers. How much run-getting and wicket-getting time did McCormick waste? And so to Manchester.



A STREAMLINED RECORD-BREAKER MEETS ITS PREDECESSOR: Last week the original Flying Scotsman No. 1, dating from 1888, was again on the rails and conveyed a special party from King's Cross to Stevenage, where a transference was made from the famous old train to its 1938 namesake, which is the last word in streamlined efficiency

COLONEL BRAMBLE—IMMORTAL.—So Colonel Bramble is among the immortals—one of the forty. That sacred number which is applied to thieves in fairy tales and to contemporary masters of the classic French language. More exactly, it is not Colonel Bramble but his creator, M. Maurois, who is honoured, and it was only the other day that England did her honouring of M. Maurois by creating him a Knight of one of her Orders. M. Maurois is England's Ambassador in the French Academy. I don't say he is Anglophile, but he certainly has done much to make the inexplicable English statesman and English soldier a little less unintelligible to Frenchmen. Not that Colonel Bramble emerges very clearly in French eyes. But France learned to admire the phlegm of the man they could never comprehend, and to value, if they could not imitate, his silences and loyalties. Our publicity agent at French literary headquarters did something, too, to interpret another English mystery, Disraeli. With Byron he had an easier job. France always understood Byron, even in 1820. And Edward VII was no mystery to Frenchmen. In a sense, then, M. Maurois is a thief as well as an immortal. He stole our characters and dressed them in clothes suitable for the *Bois*. He has done a lot, in his easy way—for he has the *facility* of a journalist combined with the grace of a master, which makes him appear always the talented amateur of letters—to cement the Entente at a time when it needed a lot of cement. And we in England are proud of his new distinction, feeling that in a sense we provided some of the bricks by which he built his own shrine.

HONOUR FOR AN EXPOSITOR OF THE ENGLISH: M. André Maurois, well known for his volumes setting forth the character of our countrymen to his own race, has been honoured by the inclusion of his *Silences de Colonel Bramble* among the forty works crowned by the French Academy

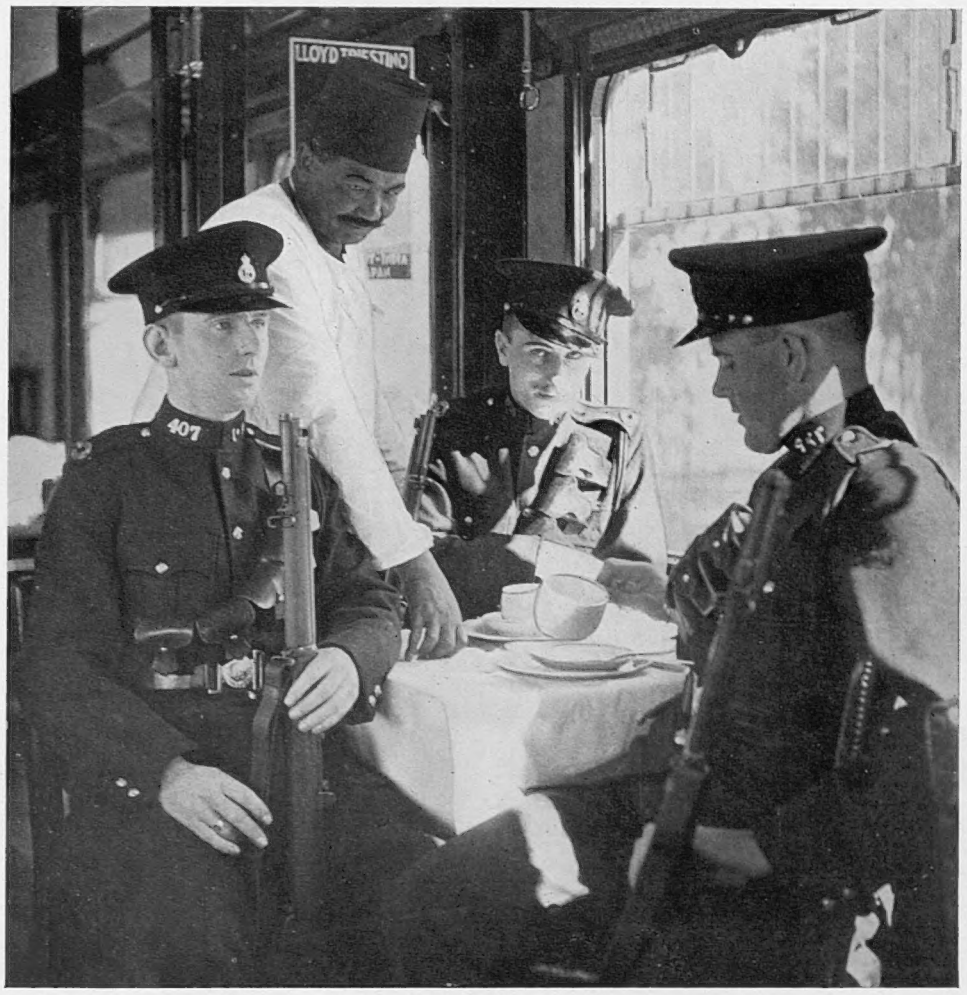
COKE. MONOPOLY TYRANNY.—The "summer" prices of coke are out. The price which my own local agent offers shows a rise of 3s. 6d. a ton on his last year's price. He blushes to quote it. He himself regards it as unjust to the consumer. He can only get his supplies from the great gas association which covers the area, and if he is detected offering coke to his customers at less than this increased price, all supplies are cut off and he is outlawed. Here is a monopoly holding the public up, and the public should now, while summer is still here, take urgent steps to ascertain the views of the Government both on the price and on the arbitrary actions of the coke producers. We should bombard our M.P.s. N.B.—The price of coke varies among the local agents. Some charge more than others above the minimum required by the producers. It is, on the face of it, an extraordinary state of affairs even under our system of government, even in a capitalist state.

THE OLD STAGER

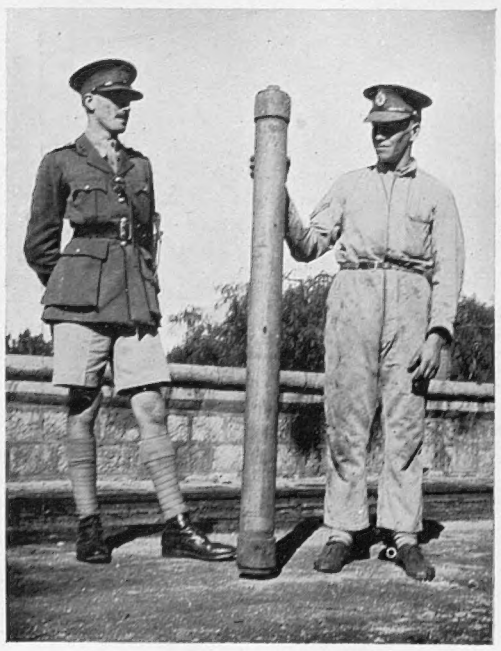
THE PENGUINS AMUSE THE PRINCESSES AT THE ZOO: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose paid a surprise visit to the London Zoo a few days ago, and were much intrigued with the oddities of the penguins as these astonishing birds walked round the edges of their pool fraternising with the little princesses and their friends as though conscious of the honour bestowed upon them

MORE TROUBLE IN PALESTINE

Military Police Guard Against Train Wrecking



ARMED POLICE GUARD ON A PALESTINIAN TRAIN: Palestine continues to be in a disturbed condition in spite of the military and police precautions. A few days ago a young Jew was shot and on the following day Jewish reprisals burst out at several spots both in Jerusalem and in the countryside. It would appear that there is an increasing tendency of the Jews to fight back



A BOMB ON THE LINE: A halt is called. *On left*—The cause of the delay—a bomb made from a water pipe 5 ft. long—a dangerous type. *Below*—Officers' wives in conversation with a police guard

NEWS FROM FRANCE

Paris Prepares: Germany's Homage to a Bygo

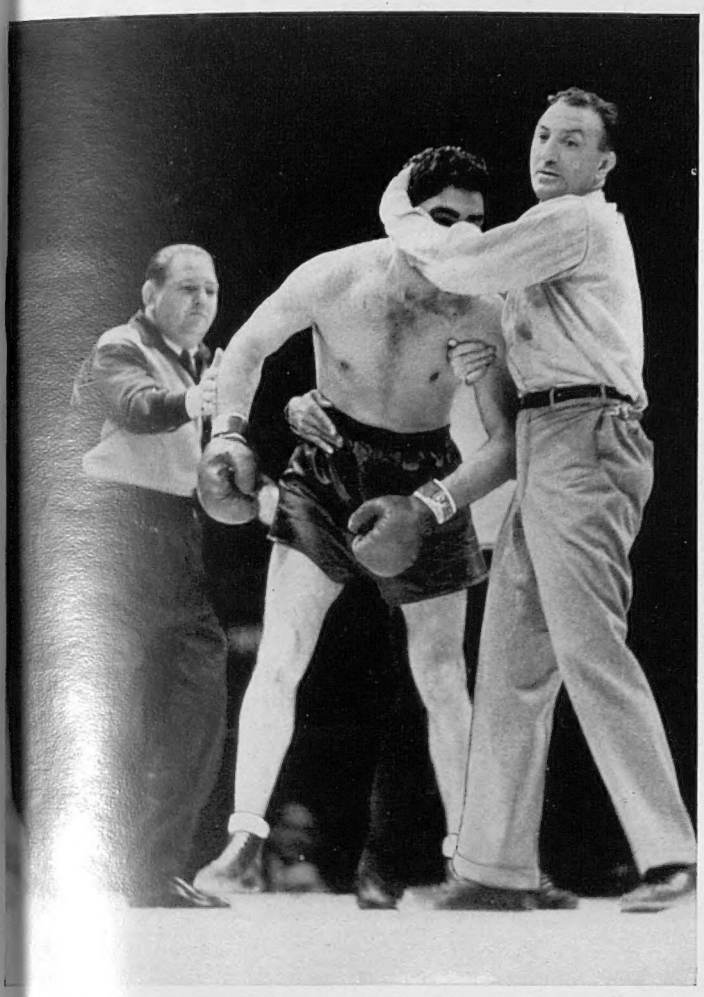
PARIS PREPARES FOR THE ROYAL VISIT: The scale of the preparatio for the visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth is now becomi more evident in the French capital, especially in the Place de la Concor

AN HISTORICAL GESTURE BY NAZI GERMANY: Herr Heinrich Himm lays a wreath on the tomb of King Heinrich I, who died in A.D. 936

A strange midnight ceremony took place a few days ago in t medieval town of Quedlinburg, in the Saxon province of Prus when Herr Heinrich Himmler, head of the German police and protecti guards, did homage in the cathedral crypt to the memory of K Heinrich I, who died 1,002 years ago. King Heinrich, who was D of Saxony, was honoured as "the founder of the first empire of t Germans."

Herr Himmler, the only one of Herr Hitler's close colleagues w bears the name of Heinrich, entered the vault together with rep sentatives of the Nazi movement, the German Government, the Ar German culture and science, and laid on the tombs of King Heinr and his consort, Queen Mathilde, two large wreaths intended " bridge 1,000 years, and demonstrate the close ties between the n Germany and one of the greatest men of its glorious past."

GERMANY, AND U.S. King: A Tragic Railway Accident in America



...EAT OF THE GERMAN BOXER: Max Schmeling is assisted to ...ner after his extraordinary defeat by Joe Louis following barely ...inutes of actual fighting before a crowd of 80,000 people

A CRACK AMERICAN EXPRESS WRECKED IN A MONTANA CREEK: One of the half-submerged coaches in which many people were drowned

Above is reproduced a picture of the spectacular wreck of the crack train *Olympian*, pride of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroad, at Custer Creek, near Miles City, Montana, about 100 miles west of the South Dakota state line.

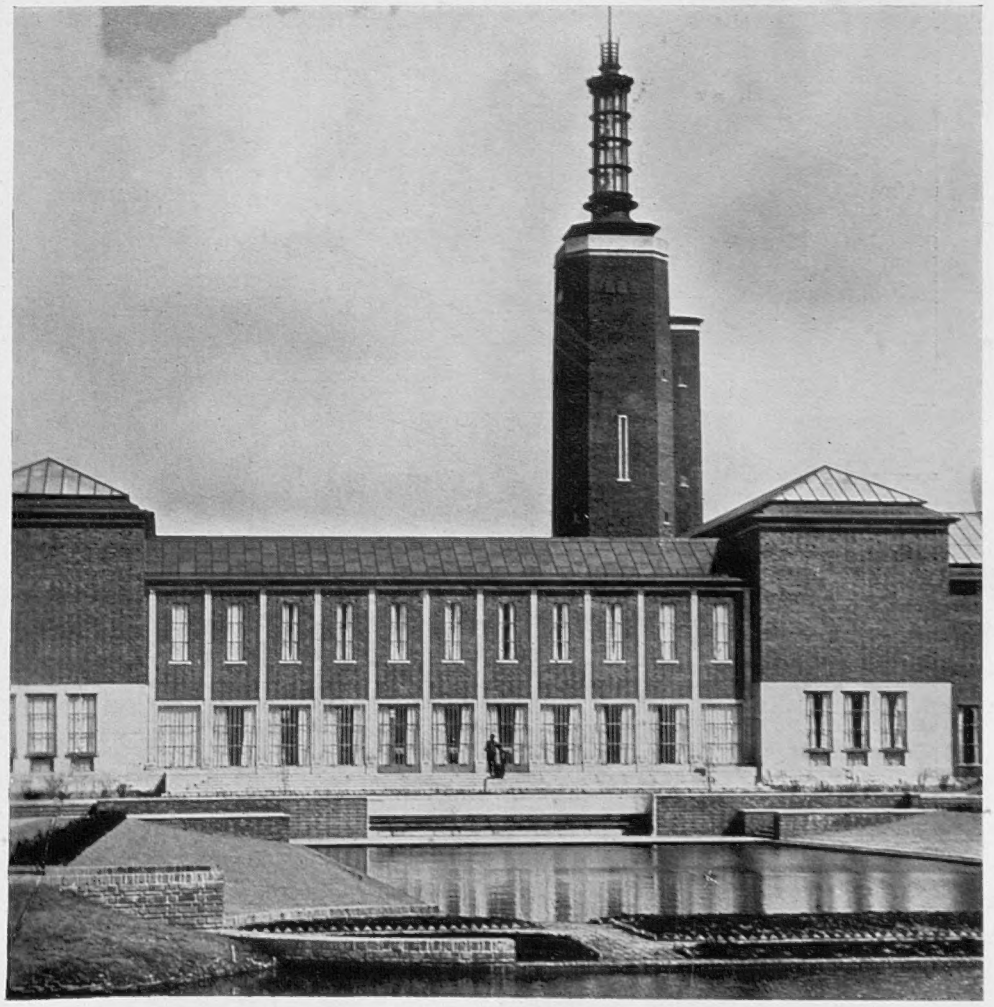
The train plunged through a bridge over the creek shortly after midnight on Saturday, June 18. The locomotive dragged a mail car, a baggage car, two chair cars, and two sleepers into the creek. The bridge had been weakened by a sudden spate.

At the end of 36 hours twenty-nine bodies had been recovered and a thirtieth had been sighted 9 miles below the wreck. Sixty-five people were injured, five of them seriously. Frank Merriwell, the engineer, who was killed almost immediately, was praised by company officials as "one of the best men who ever handled a locomotive."

THE NEWLY-FOUND VERMEER

First Picture of the Dutch Masterpiece in Its New Setting

HOW VERMEER'S GREAT CANVAS HANGS IN THE BOYMANS MUSEUM: The beautiful picture of Christ at Emmaus, which was recently acquired from France by Dutch art lovers, has just been placed on public view in the very richly stored art gallery of Rotterdam. It has been set in an antique frame such as Vermeer favoured. *Below* is seen an exterior view of the museum



A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF HOME NEWS

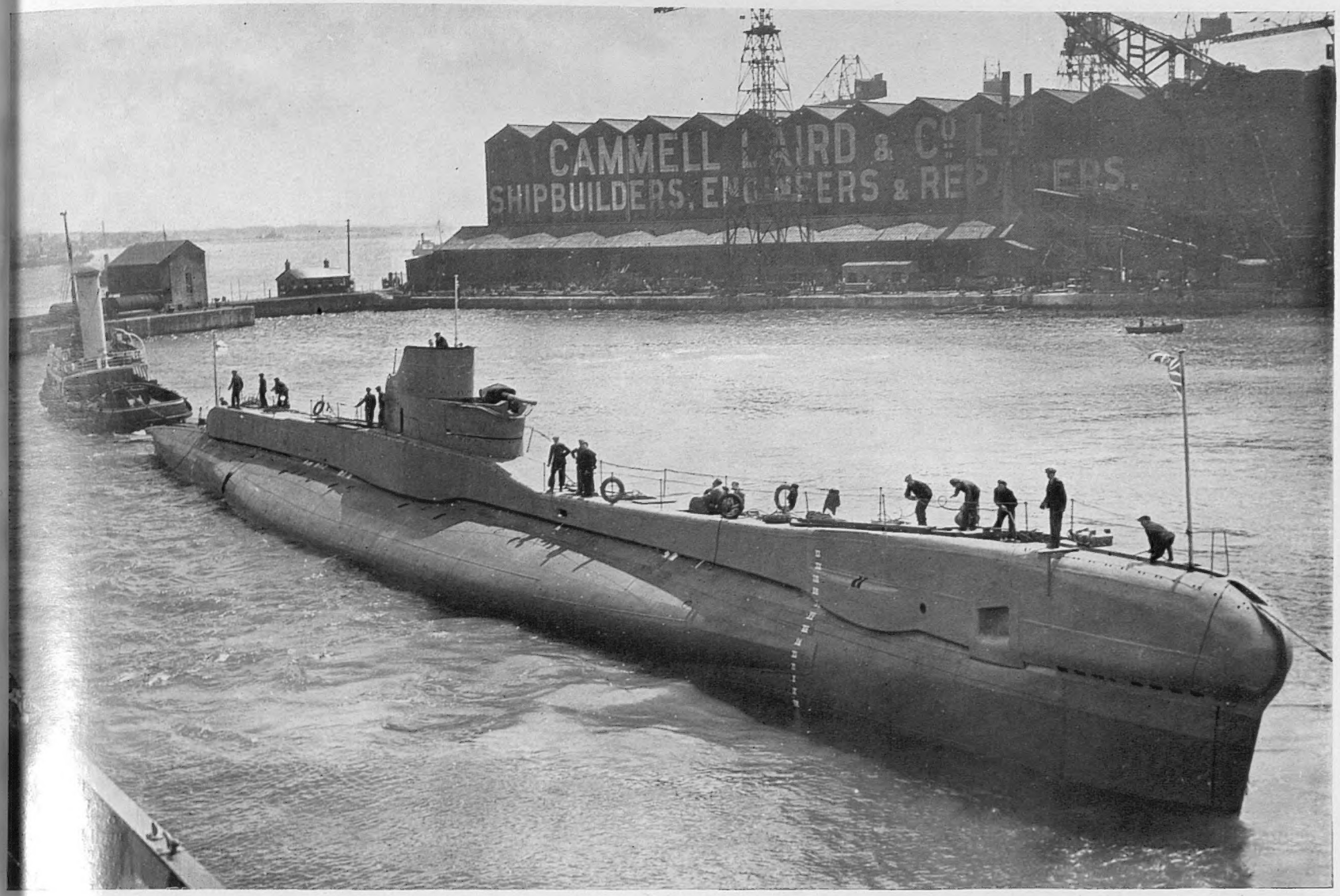
BIRMINGHAM'S MILLION AND A QUARTER HOSPITAL CENTRE: A general view of the huge hospital centre which is to be opened by the King on the occasion of Their Majesties' visit to Birmingham on July 14. These magnificent buildings, paid for entirely by voluntary contributions, represent the last word hospital planning, combining on one site a hospital with 840 beds, the Univer Medical School and a Nurses' Home and Training School

R.A. AT THIRTY-FIVE: One of the youngest artists ever to become a Royal Academician is Mr. W. T. Monnington whose appointment was recently announced

OIL FOUND IN SCOTLAND: Engineers examining the dross during boring operations at an experimental oil well at Dalkeith

THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF CHELMER CANAL: The Mayor of Chelmsford, Mr. J. T. Bellamy, and members of the Chelmsford Corporation carrying out the time-honoured ceremony of journeying by barge from Chelmsford to Maldon, Essex, a distance of 14 miles. This annual inspection of the Chelmer Canal dates back to 1763

A TENSE MOMENT DURING THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHO With suppressed excitement the children watch the a of that comical but not very reputable pair, totally obliv of the camera which has succeeded in capturing



LATEST SUBMARINE: The patrol submarine *Thetis* entering the basin being launched from Messrs. Cammell Laird's yard at Birkenhead. Equipped with one 4-in. gun and six 24-in. torpedo tubes, this craft is intended for general service and long-distance work, but is considerably smaller than previous submarines used for that purpose, measuring 265 ft. in length with a beam of 26.6 ft. It will have cost over £350,000 when completed

expressions so realistically. This study was taken at the Robins' Garden Party, held in connection with the Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, S.W.9, in the gardens of Mount Clare, Roehampton

FINAL DAY AT HENLEY: Henley Royal Regatta again drew rowing enthusiasts to this lovely reach of the Thames this year and some superb rowing was witnessed. Above is seen the finish of the Grand Challenge Cup final when London Rowing Club "A" beat Trinity Hall, Cambridge, by one-and-a-third lengths

AN UNUSUAL TRAFFIC PROBLEM: Palace sentries had to alter their beat, cars to swerve wildly, and policemen had a hectic time when a wild duck and her brood of five escaped recently from St. James's Park lake and made their way across the road towards Buckingham Palace. Tragedy marred the adventure, for the duck was returned to the lake with only four of her offspring—one had been killed by a car

THE AMERICAN VICTORY AT WIMBLEDON: How Mrs. Moody and Donald Budge Fought Their Way Through

THE TWO HELENS: A snapshot taken on Saturday afternoon when the two American players walked out to the Centre Court for the final struggle

THE TROUBLE BEGINS: Mrs. Wightman tries to persuade Miss Jacobs to give up after she had strained the Achilles tendon of her right foot

ALL OVER: The final handshake at the net after Mrs. Wills Moody had beaten her opponent 6—4, 6—0. The bandage on Miss Jacobs's leg is plainly visible

ANOTHER U.S. VICTORY: Austin says a few words into the microphone after making a gallant but unavailing effort against the blazing artillery of Donald Budge

AFTERMATH: The two Helens, coiffured and en grande tenue, attend the L.T.A. Ball at Grosvenor House, the concluding event of the tennis fortnight

. . . and Helen Wills Moody came back. It might be the ending to a fairy tale, instead it tells of the climax of the career of the greatest, and the most aloof, figure in the history of women's lawn tennis. Many will say that Mrs. Helen Wills Moody was the greatest woman player who ever lived. Others will lay claims for Suzanne Lenglen. Only once did these two meet and the Frenchwoman won—at Cannes in 1926 in two sets. But "Suzanne" never achieved the record Mrs. Wills Moody has set up this year at the age of thirty-two by winning the Wimbledon title for the eighth time, having played in nine finals during the nine years she has appeared at Wimbledon. And there was a lapse of three years between Mrs. Wills Moody's 1935 victory and her 1938, during which she played little competitive lawn tennis. Now she has only strengthened her claims to immortality, as far as a game-player goes.

The victory, for the second successive year, of J. D. Budge, the tall, lanky, red-headed Californian, in the men's singles loses much of its honour by the weakness of the field. Budge's win was inevitable, barring accidents. He stands head and shoulders above the amateur men players of the world as the final showed when Great Britain's H. W. Austin could win only four games in the three sets. But how Budge compares with the great players of recent years, W. T. Tilden, F. J. Perry and E. Vines, all of whom are still playing as professionals, is another matter. This year we did not see, and there is little possibility of us seeing for some time, Budge under pressure. Such pressure as Perry, for one, would exert. Of one thing I am certain. Perry is the greater athlete, Budge the more controlled lawn tennis player. Given one match, with Budge as he is now and Perry as he was before turning to the paid ranks, and I'd back Perry providing the stakes were big enough. On a series of matches I'd back Budge.

Neither Mrs. Wills Moody nor Budge lost a set during the course of this year's Wimbledon, but both faced set points against them. As Mrs. Wills Moody's is the greater achievement I will deal with her path first.

The women's entry for this Wimbledon was the strongest it could have been, the strongest, in fact, it has ever been. Speaking relatively, Mrs. Wills Moody lost more games and had tighter matches all through than Budge. Here is her course:—

2nd Round—beat Mrs. H. C. Hopman (Australia) 6—3, 6—4; 3rd Round—beat Mrs. P. F. Glover (formerly Miss N. M. Lyle) (G.B.) 6—4, 7—5; 4th Round—beat Mrs. E. L. Heine-Miller (South Africa) 8—6, 6—4; 5th Round—beat Miss K. E. Stammers (G.B.) 6—2, 6—1; Semi-final—beat Fru H. Sperling (Denmark) 12—10, 6—4; Final—beat Miss H. H. Jacobs (U.S.A.) 6—4, 6—0.

The champion had to fight hard against Mrs. Hopman, a better doubles player than singles, in her very first match. She faced a 5—1 deficit in the first set against Mrs. Heine-Miller, who reached the semi-final of Wimbledon in 1929, in the fourth round, after Mrs. Glover, another doubles player, had run her to an advantage second set, at one time holding a lead. In all these cases Mrs. Wills Moody passed any crises that appeared, inscrutably and smoothly. Given one slim chance of averting the loss of a set, Mrs. Wills Moody would take it.

Then Miss K. E. Stammers, Britain's last hope, who had beaten the champion at Beckenham in 1935, appeared. The wind and Miss Stammers herself made things easy. The English girl was off form. It was different in the semi-final. Fru Sperling had beaten Mrs. Wills Moody at Queen's Club several days previously, but those who saw the match, and knew the American, realised that she was a different proposition in a needle match. She outstayed the German champion in a long and wavering first set, in which Fru Sperling only once held the lead, at 10—9, and had two set points, in a dull match. A war of attrition.

Came the last, tragic round—the final. Made more unhappy as Suzanne Lenglen lay dying in France. Mrs. Wills Moody opposed the unseeded Miss Helen Hull Jacobs for the ninth time in their respective careers. Miss Jacobs had never won a match point against the champion—she won the American title from her by virtue of Mrs. Wills Moody's retirement at 3—0 in the final set in 1935.

The story of Miss Jacobs's collapse in the final has already been done to death. A pulled Achilles tendon, sustained previously, reasserted itself when Miss Jacobs stretched for a volley in the ninth game of the first set. The score was 4—4 and Miss Jacobs had three points for 5—4. She lost them all and won only three more points, obviously suffering, although the pain was probably more mental than physical.

Now Mrs. Wills Moody is a strange psychological study. Her seemingly ingracious manner in that final when she neither condoled with Miss Jacobs nor even spoke to her—to the annoyance of many critics—is possibly an unconsciously adopted pose. It would, I think, be very difficult for Mrs. Wills Moody to go up to an opponent and sympathise. She would like to, but she cannot. It will be remembered that Miss Jacobs offered a rest in that Forest Hills final in 1935 and was most sympathetic. The iceberg attitude of the champion certainly needs explanation, but I feel that she is the Greta Garbo of the lawn tennis courts.

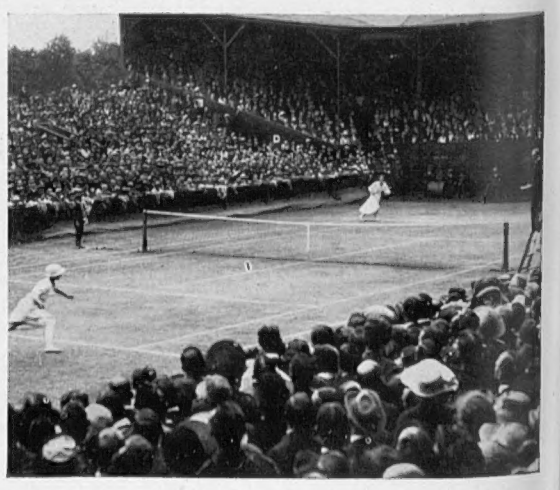
Budge's life may be dealt with very briefly. He only suffered one set point and three advantage sets against him. No one scored more than eight games in the three sets. And K. C. Gandar Dower won that amount in the first round. Henry Billington, a player who might have been of real class given the opportunity, had the set point in the first set in the second round. But what is the use of set points against a man who, with this class of opposition, can make the ball obey his will?

Budge was obviously quite bored after taking the opening set to love from G. L. Rogers, the giant Irishman, and then proceeded to show up R. Shayes' limitations. I am sorry, but it is no use describing Budge's matches, for he gave his opponents games when he wished to make a fight until he met Austin. To Austin he revealed his true self and a sequence of fourteen games from 1—1 in the first set to 3—0 in the third left Austin laughing and not crying. Austin played his best, but to no purpose at all. Control and great speed win in the modern game. The men's and mixed doubles also went to America. In fact, for the first time in history a country carried off all five events.

Roy McKelvie

THE GREAT SUZANNE

On Monday, Suzanne Lenglen, the world famous tennis player, died in Paris at the age of thirty-nine. She is here seen (1919) in the short skirt and rolled stockings which heralded the break away from the stiff formality of previous days



THE FAMOUS MATCH AT THE OLD WIMBLEDON: On July 5, 1919, the young French challenger beat Mrs. Lambert Chambers after set point had been reached. In succeeding years she developed an incredible skill, which gained her the championship six times in all

NATURE DEFIANT *and* NATURE DEFIED:

Mount Mayon in Eruption: The All-American Canal Irrigates California's Arid Terrain

THE SCOURGE OF THE PHILIPPINES: Clouds of smoke and ash rising skyward from the cone of Mount Mayon, that superbly symmetrical volcano in the peninsula of Camarines south-east of Luzon Island, after it had recently erupted, sending thousands of persons fleeing to safety from the streams of molten lava pouring down the slopes. The damage to crops in the neighbourhood is estimated at £20,000. Mayon has never in its history been quiescent for long

DESERT AND GARDEN: An overhead view taken in the Imperial Valley, Southern California, showing irrigated and, as yet, unirrigated land in this once entirely arid region which is now being brought completely under cultivation by the construction of the All-American Canal by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation. *On right*—A MAN-MADE "RIVER" IN A "DESERT SEA": A section of the great canal at a point where it passes across the sand dunes

WATER MAKES THE DIFFERENCE: The checkerboard of orchards and fields in an irrigated section of the Imperial Valley, Southern California, where the All-American Canal—project of the Bureau of Reclamation—is now nearing completion, and is already making hundreds of square miles productive

WORSHIPPING AT THE SUN'S ALTAR: From lobster to bronze these folk grill themselves in the Riviera rays, covering their bodies at whiles with protective oils and lotions. To achieve the maximum tan would seem to be the common goal

THE SUMMER RIVIERA: A World in Search of Sun Tan Flocks to the Coast that Once Lured only Winter Visitors

By FERDINAND TUOHY

A DECADE has elapsed since the Riviera became summer-conscious, awoke to the fact that it could forge ahead in a new line, as a long-drawn-out summer resort. Juan-les-Pins gave the lead; I recall watching the place being run up in the winter of 1927. Juan had long been the summer-holiday paradise of a discerning few, even before the war. But for the vast majority the Riviera was ruled out so far as June-September was concerned. "*Il nous faut de la fraicheur*" decided even the native French, and off they hied to Alps or Atlantic seaboard. As for alien others, the Riviera was "too far, stiflingly hot, tideless, mosquito-ridden." In fact, it hardly came into the scheme of things.

Move leisurely along the coast from Menton to Cassis, in the summer of 1938, and what a transformation! A concatenation of circumstances from the "cheap" franc and the swelling flood of refugees to French paid holidays, sun worship, and the urge to "get away from it all," preferably into Tahitian raiment, or lack of it, is yielding a preview of what this coast may one day become: the first of those "vast sun cities" of Wellsian imagining. For the present, thank goodness, it is still far from that. But the writing looks to be on the wall for such ones as think they can decipher future trends in these matters.

AQUA-PLANING: An ever popular Riviera thrill

There is not much doubt as to whence the Summer Riviera derived its initial impetus. From Hollywood. In two ways. Increasingly, in the '20's, European film-goers were regaled with screen fare depicting swimming, diving, sun-lolling, tanned lovelies, clad in next to nothing, but what there was, decidedly exotic. A Honolulu languor and colour and sensuousness pervaded such pictures. Gradually our cosmopolitans asked: "Why can't we do this over here? Where is there sun, lashings of it, for certain, and over lengthy periods, and not too far off? Where *can* we get this glorious tan?"

A second source of impetus came from Hollywood stars themselves. Visiting Europe, these would make a bee line for the Riviera, after they had done their publicity stuff in London, Paris, and so on. The camera "shot" celebrated favourites sun-sea-lazing at Juan and Eden Roc, and otherwise behaving and dressing or undressing as had they been in Southern California; and these widely circulating pictures focused additional attention on how heat by the sea could be profitably, enjoyably and novelly turned to account.

That small colonies of artists, writers, theatrical and cinema people had anticipated the nascent new craze by long years, at such places as St. Tropez, Lavandou, Cassis, only reminds anew that such ones have invariably tacked way ahead (and happy to be alone) where originality and ideas have been concerned, as a friend, feeling sore, was to lament at now "launched" Tropez: "They're all decking themselves out now as we did, same bright colours, same cut and styles, same *sans-gêne*, that used to get us looked upon as eccentric exhibitionists. The only thing that's different is the inside of their heads. They can't get the real *far niente* or unselfconsciousness. We belonged to this sort of life. They've pushed in in order to show a better tan than the next one when they return home."

Ah, well, the world cannot be kept permanently safe for artocracy—the crowd marches on.

Directly one comes over the frontier, from Italy, one feels the difference. There are other reasons for stagnation on the Italian side, but all the way from Viareggio to Ventimiglia I noticed only one beach of the first class, Alassio. Once arrived at Menton (distinctly sultry), the new Summer Riviera revue began to unfold. Here were hale-khaki British marines and all-white American "gobs," easing off after a spell in Spanish waters, youthful hikers from Switzerland and Czechoslovakia, hob-nailed, thickly-socked, weighed down by immense rucksacks, and national pennants pinned on for political or anti-ideological identification purposes, motor coaches discharging a mixed grill of day trippers from Manchester as from Marseilles and Amsterdam.

A marine said of the topic of the hour, "Much better not to allow them (our ships) go there than to let them be bombed without a come-back from us."

A Swiss hikess told how she and a friend were doing ten days along the Riviera for the equivalent of £2 apiece. Sleeping out, they bargained for their daily rations in local markets, drank water, and got lifts when they safely could. Lots of young enthusiasts are doing likewise, thereby contributing a growing note to the summer season.

At Menton, too, came first evidence of how the locals are taking to the water. Time was when they hardly went near the sea, only brats and athletes. Now, here they were, all except father and mother, disporting themselves on rafts and in canoes, and giving varying renderings of *le crawl, très snob*.

I splashed in from Monte Carlo beach, not yet open, and how it *must* be warm when it does open in mid-July. This is the synthetic little plage that cost a fortune, and where they pack up the sand in sandbags during the winter. In summer they make a speciality of wonderfully illumined night water fêtes, while *le monde* dines and wines ashore.

Monte itself was rather charmingly listless and empty, June being the between-season month. In the "Kitchen" one was able to study at leisure those mortals in the toils, the inveterate, all-the-year-round, small gamblers, now seated at thinly circled tables.

On the day I left, the Principality blared up of a sudden, bands, and marching and banners. This was the annual convention of French wounded-in-the-lungs during the war. More and more of these affairs are being captured by the Riviera, even to the next Eucharistic Congress, the choice of locality for which, Nice, has led ribald Paris sheets to dilate on how delegates will be able to relax. But it all adds to the kaleidoscopic picture.

Next stop, Cap d'Ail. Here you get the reposeful, expensive little nook, yet located right in the thick of things. From a celebrated hotel one saunters down through heavily tropical gardens to a private beach of shimmering silver sands, shallow waters, and Johnnie the barman in the immediate background. Such beauty-havens are dotted along the coast, yet few can beat Cap d'Ail.

Nice is now France's fourth city, and its summer facilities in the shape of sandy beaches and a salubrious sea have never been conspicuous, yet that is not to say the Riviera's capital is not contributing to this tale, for it very much is. From Nice radiate visitors and locals along the littoral as far as Toulon.

They tear along by car, coach, autorail, motor cycle, racing cycle, tandem, and camionette—the four last chiefly between Saturday noon and Monday noon, full forty-eight hours locally free from work under the not-to-be-afforded luxury, the forty-hour week.

As it is practically always fine, for months on end, Nice and lesser centres thrust tens of thousands out on to the road each week-end, with sad picnic litter results. The French still think certain foreigners are mad to collect and burn litter, but they'll learn. While monsieur may not yet quite have swallowed sun-bathing rig-out, madame and the children have, and every little beach shows its joyous company which, on Thursday afternoon, school half-holiday, swells in number, notably where the children's sanatoriums and colonies, of which there are many, add their screaming swarms.

To cope with the new order, cheap fruit-juice and ice-cream bars, snack restaurants, and open-air "dancings," are strung out continuously, with bouillabaisse "featured." As a fact, this oft-hymned dish, unless served at almost double price with lobster or langouste ("spiny lobster," *vide* dictionary), is not so great. It has merely got into the category of those things people "must have." In origin—all the spices and sauce—it derives from the general run of tastelessness of Mediterranean fish. *Loup* and red mullet are about the only specimen comparable with northern fish, though some do swear by minor octopus.

With Juan begins the Summer Riviera proper, of endless sandy beaches and coves trailing away almost to Marseilles, well over 100 miles. Here is the coastline radically changing, process that should only be accentuated with the years, as the body cult advances to probable recession of that of the mind.

Juan is a water carnival by day and can be a whoopee centre by night. It is also H.Q. of the Golden Grill. What extraordinary sights you do see on the short stretch of sand on to which a dozen nations crowd in search of sunburn.

Some of the old hands are pretty nearly what we call "coloured," and in the case of lovelies thus burnt one wonders what they think about things opposite the mirror when they've removed brassière and slip—I mean the belts of white that the sun has not been able to get at.

The human steaks lie there, slightly comatose, all day long, save for meals and periodic entry into the tepid water. When they lay down book or paper to talk it is usually to discuss the body-curve or tan of others. Most of them are covered in oil and lotion skin-dyes. Not a few are bandaged or show carmine patches where the skin has come off from too precipitate work.

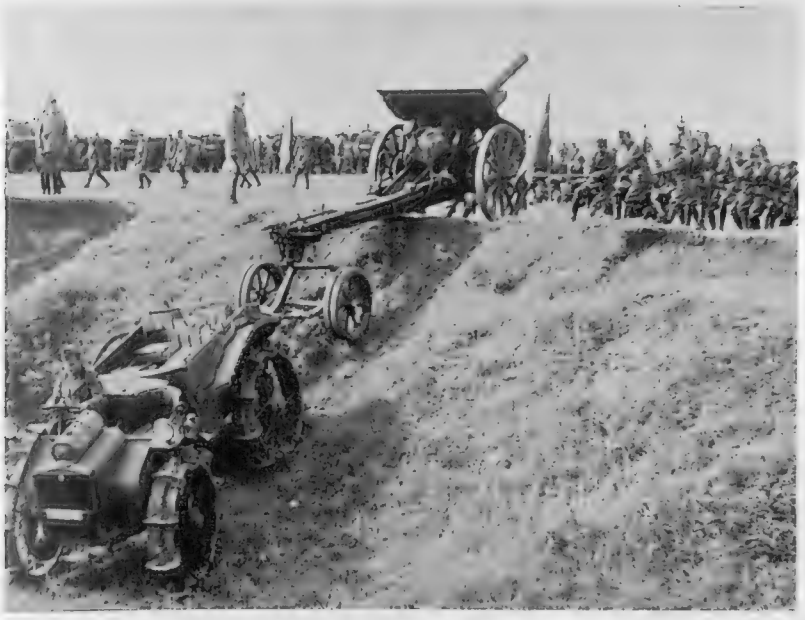
Lest I give the impression of a too "popular" Juan, the Cap d'Antibes side can be very smart, with its super-sunning at Eden Roc. The rendezvous of these devotees is Juan's Frégate Casino, patronised by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the pointing out of whose chateau has been added to the guide's book of words.

GETTING THAT BRONZED LOOK: The proletariat at play on the burning sands of fashionable Juan-les-Pins. French folk on holiday use the medicine ball a great deal and this picture evidences the fact

I counted fourteen different craft or contrivances afloat in Juan Bay. The current craze is the pedalo: two people lolling back side by side on a structure fitted with floats and peddling away. Several pairs of naval ratings had a pedalo race out to the cruiser *Sussex*,

(*Continued on page 72*)

EUROPE AND AMERICA MILITANT: An Artillery Display in Rome—French President Inspects Bourges' Big Guns

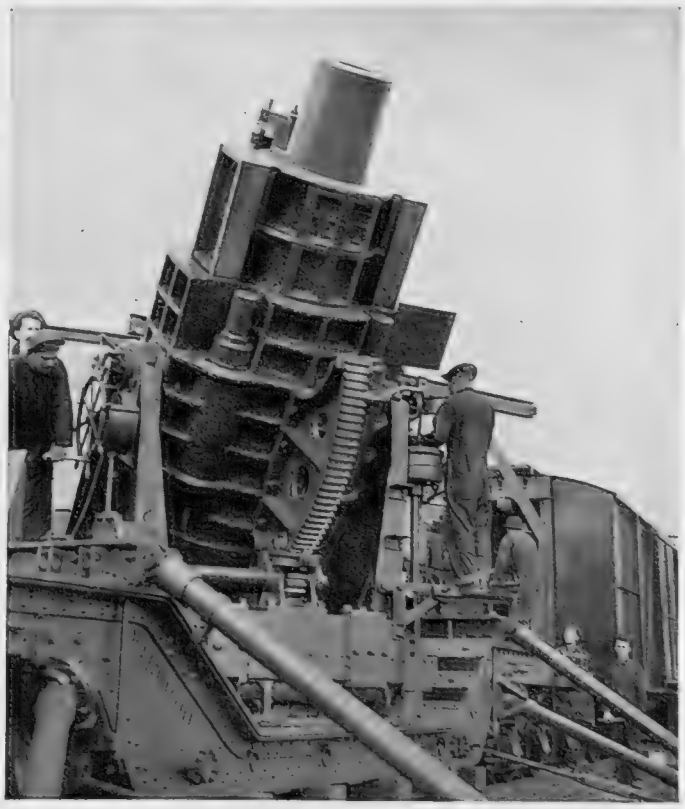


HUMAN BRAKES: Artillerymen holding on to a gun to prevent it travelling too fast as it is dragged down a precipitous slope by its powerful four-wheel tractor. A picture on the outskirts of Rome during an artillery demonstration

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AT BOURGES: M. Lebrun, who is seen in the centre foreground of the above group, inspecting big guns during his recent visit to this important military and engineering centre of the Cher Department

THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN FLAG was illustrated by this colour guard during the special ceremonies held at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, to mark the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the American Constitution and the 160th anniversary of the evacuation of Valley Forge, where Washington's forces were encamped during the War of Independence

PARIS PAYS TRIBUTE TO A MARTYR MONARCH: The imposing ceremony at the recent unveiling of the memorial to the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, whose assassination at Marseilles in October, 1934, so shocked Europe. The King is shown mounted on a charger



AMERICA LOOKS TO HER EASTERN SEABOARD: *Left*—Followed by a mushroom of smoke and flame belching from the barrel of an 8-in. gun, a shell can be seen, in an upper corner of the view, speeding towards its target. This spectacular picture was taken during practice by the 52nd Coast Artillery Regiment, which has been encamped at Lewes, Delaware. *Right*—A 12-in. howitzer mounted on rails and used by the 52nd Regiment for coastal defence

PILGR

IN SEARCH OF PROSPERITY IN THE COUNTRY OF OPPORTUNITY: Immigrants from Europe crowding the stern of the liner *Washington*, as she steamed up New York harbour at the end of a recent voyage. Every year tens of thousands of Europeans leave their native lands, either through inclination or through force of political circumstances, and are admitted into the United States under the quota system, which strictly limits their numbers and their proportions as regards nationality. The latest official figures show that Germans comprised 41 per cent. of all U.S.A. immigrants in 1937, among them being a very large proportion of Jews fleeing from the horrors of racial persecution

FRIENDS TO GREET THEM: Those immigrants, such as these, who are met by relatives on arrival in New York have a much smoother passage when undergoing the necessarily rigorous formalities of the immigration authorities and, additionally, they have the assurance that whatever happens they will not be destitute. Would-be American citizens without family ties or friends are usually taken care of by one of three organisations:—The Hebrew Sheltering Society of America, the American Christian Committee, and the National Co-ordinating Committee

ROLL CALL: American relatives of immigrants waiting at the pier to have their names called and their identity established before claiming their kin who have just landed. Every liner that docks brings large numbers of would-be American citizens, as witness the fact that 150,000 may be admitted each year

MAKING IT EASY FOR THE NEWCOMER: A scene in the offices of the National Co-ordinating Committee, which acts as a temporary foster-mother to immigrants seeking advice as to the best way to go about the task of settling down

THOUGH the United States may be far from prosperous these days, with depressed areas, such as Cleveland, offering the blackest of industrial pictures, many in Europe, suffering the rigours of totalitarian rule and seeing no hope for the future in their own countries, look to America as the Promised Land, the land of equal opportunity, the land, indeed, where they may forge ahead most easily to longed-for riches.

But they do more than look, these Europeans. They go there in their thousands, and although the quota system, rigid alike in the numbers it permits to enter and in the racial proportions of those numbers, acts as a break, there is none the less a steady flow of immigrants from year to year. In 1937 41 per cent. of those immigrants were Germans, numbering 12,532, and who does not know the reason why?

These immigrants, so hopefully setting foot in Manhattan, provide subject for a very real human drama, and in the accompanying pictures we see them on the threshold of the land of their adoption; their homeland ties merging into a dim background. Further than that the camera does not follow them. Soon they will be American citizens, part and parcel of the new world.

IMS TO THE LAND OF PROMISE: How Immigrants, Many Fleeing From Troubled Europe, Make Their Entry into the U.S.A.

THEIR PROMISED LAND: A group of immigrants looking from the deck of the liner *Washington*, their eyes firmly fixed on Manhattan's towering sky-line, which to them symbolises the prosperity they hope will one day come their way when they have severed all ties with Europe and achieved American citizenship. Approximately 150,000 immigrants may be admitted each year

FIRST LESSONS IN AMERICANISM: Aged and middle-aged immigrants, all of them beginning life anew, pictured at one of the night classes organised by the National Council of Jewish Women to teach them the English tongue and other subjects which will qualify them for citizenship. *On right*—"Go west, young man" was Horace Greeley's advice to American youth in earlier days. His words are no less true now, and here we see an immigrant family at Pennsylvania Station, New York, as they start out for the west to make a permanent home

SIAM BUILDS HER

The New Military City at Lopburi, and Other

THE ELEPHANT KRAAL AT LOPBURI, the Siamese city, 80 miles to the north of Bangkok, where there is much activity these days. The kraal has been set up by the army authorities in connection with their revival of elephant hunting, and they have also remodelled the whole city on a modern scale, building spacious barracks and concrete roads with a view to making Lopburi Siam's military headquarters

PRIESTS BLESSING THE ROPES USED IN THE ELEPHANT HUNTS, which have been revived at Lopburi

SIAM'S MARTIALLY-MINDED YOUTH: Members of the Yuvagon, a voluntary organisation for boys under military age. Later they join the conscript army

SIAM is building a new Aldershot. At Lopburi, about 80 miles north of Bangkok, and until recently little known except as an ancient capital of Siam, is springing up a modern military city. Although the venture was by no means kept secret, it was little publicised until the military authorities decided to revive at Lopburi the great elephant hunts which were once the sport of kings in Siam, but which lapsed more than thirty years ago.

Into this quiet country town, consisting of narrow, winding streets set among ruins of temples sacked by the Burmese nearly two centuries ago, Siam is sinking millions of ticals.

Although only the very faintest hints are given, it is obvious that, among the military caste at least, there is the hope that Lopburi may again become the capital, as magnificent on a modern scale as was the city whose ruins are now but a weatherbeaten monument to a past civilisation.

The old Lopburi is an unattractive up-country Siamese town, its ugliness relieved only by the beauty of the ruins which abound there; the new Lopburi is a city of ultra-modernistic concrete buildings, concrete roads, and air-conditioned cinemas.

The work as yet is hardly started, but in two years rough land has been cleared, spacious modern barracks and officers' quarters built, and broad concrete roads laid down.

The road work is remarkable in view of the backwardness of the rest of Siam in this respect, for the country depends mainly on rivers, canals, and its fine railway system of transport. Roads at Lopburi are admirably laid out, numbered instead of named.

As an example of the lengths to which the scheme is being taken, the great water tower which is to supply the new city is surmounted by a

RUINS OF OLD LOPBURI, which was once the seat of Siam's kings, was sacked by Burmese two centuries ago, and is now being re-built as a military centre of the first importance

IN AIRY, MODERN BARRACKS such as these, Siam is housing members of her conscript army at the new military centre at Lopburi. The work of creating this military city has been going on steadily for the past two years and in that time many acres have been cleared, broad concrete roads laid

OWN ALDERSHOT

Aspects of Life in this Far Eastern Kingdom

by the Siamese army authorities who, at one and the same time, are making this city a sporting and a military centre

PREPARING FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN 1940: A parade of athletes in Bangkok. It is only of recent years that sport, as we know it in the west, has permeated Siam

down, and a start made with an elaborate building scheme, including the erection of up-to-date schools and hospitals. It is rumoured the military caste contemplates that one day Lopburi may succeed Bangkok as the Siamese capital, though such a project has not as yet been discussed in any official way

IN A MAJESTIC SETTING: Bangkok students bathing in front of two of the great shrines in Siam's capital

modern dance floor and cocktail bar. Up-to-date schools and hospitals, paid for from Army funds, show the enthusiasm of the Services, not only for military affairs, but also for community service, as they will be open to civilians as well as soldiers.

Only one infantry battalion is stationed at Lopburi at present, but when the development plan is finished the bulk of the army will be garrisoned there.

In addition, the Siamese Air Force will be stationed slightly to the north at Khok Krathiem, where artillery units also will have their headquarters. Don Muang, the military and civil airport just north of Bangkok, is to be purely a civil field. Cavalry regiments will be concentrated at Saraburi, south-east of Lopburi.

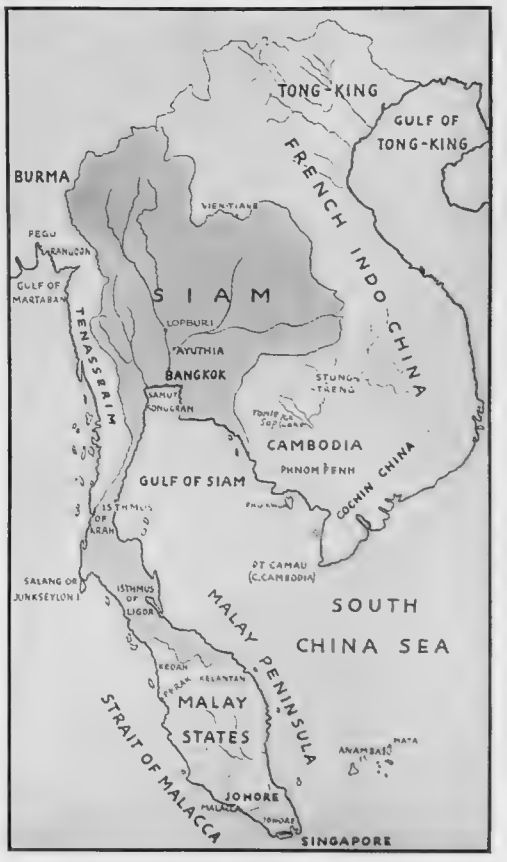
Lopburi offers excellent facilities for a military centre. The land is high and free from flooding, while the surrounding country is of a type which permits the carrying out of a wide variety of field exercises all the year round. This is a great improvement over Bangkok, where the bulk of the Siamese Army is now garrisoned, as the surrounding land there is low-lying, almost treeless rice-fields.

The new city is expected to become a big tourist centre, for although there were few foreign visitors at the first elephant hunts just staged there, later hunts will probably be arranged during the cool season.

The elephant kraal built by the military authorities in the foothills a mile or two from the barracks is a massive structure of pointed logs, into which the elephants are driven from the jungle along a V-shaped race.

When Siam's Aldershot is complete, it should be one of the

(Continued on page 72)



THE NEAR EAST MILITANT: Siam, with its great new military centre at Lopburi; French Indo-China, with its army in course of enlargement by 15,000 men, and Singapore, with its vast naval base, make this part of the Oriental world of more than local interest at the moment

"I HAVE SEEN THE YANGTSE IN FLOOD," *says* F. E. DEAN

MAROONED: Refugees crowding a dyke of the Han River during a big flood. The water in the background covers cotton fields to a depth in some places of 20 ft.

THE season for floods in the Yangtse River valley has only begun. The heavy rainfalls of June add volume to the melting snows of Tibet. By July a torrent, held within the narrow, rocky gorges of the Upper Yangtse, rises rapidly to a water level of 50 ft. and more, overflowing the steep banks. Hurling itself down the 500 miles of gorges, the torrent reaches the wide Middle Yangtse below Ichang and spreads itself over the alluvial plains wherever dykes do not bar its way. In the great flood of 1931 a rise of 30 ft. at Chungking on August 5 did not affect Hankow, 900 miles down the river, until a fortnight later, when it burst the dykes and flooded the city.

From the verandah of the Hankow Race Club I heard a roar of waters as the dyke burst three miles away. Almost simultaneously ponds appeared in every hollow of land. Within twelve hours a lake 40 ft. deep covered all the low-lying hinterland of Hankow, and lapped the upper steps of the Race Club verandah. This lake did not disappear until November. The commercial part of the city, on higher land, and protected by the railway embankment, was submerged to a depth of only a few feet; enough, however, to make boating a necessary means of transport for many weeks.

Hankow lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Yangtse with its tributary, the Han. The dyke which broke was that at the rear of the city, rising 30 ft. from the broad plain which extends to the Han. This plain, ordinarily farmland, was submerged by the overflow from both the Han and the Yangtse, and the weight of its waters overwhelmed the ancient Chang-kung dyke that protects Hankow.

In the next great flood, that of 1935, all the Hankow dykes kept in constant repair held, but the city became an island. From the Customs House tower I looked down upon it: a patchwork of red roofs, blue ponds, green gardens and rice fields, set in an ocean of swirling, muddy water that reached as far as the eye could see in all directions. In those muddy, swirling waters thousands of Chinese had lost their lives and millions more had lost their homes.

From time immemorial, cities along the Yangtse have protected themselves by dykes. But the country between the cities has lain at the mercy of floods. This has been a source of added safety for the cities, since the flood waters could spread over hundreds of miles of land, spending their force. Occasionally a small village would raise a mud dyke of no value against any but the mildest rising of waters. Some of these mud dykes, called "people's dykes," are several miles inland during low water, with stretches of rich alluvial plain between them and the river. In spite of danger, squatters annually take up residence on these exposed lands and farm them until floods come to reap the harvests.

During the 1935 flood I made several visits to a small village of mud huts just below Hankow. It was said to hold 3,000 inhabitants. On my first visit, in the company of Mr. K. P. Wu, engineer-in-chief of the Hankow Municipality, the men of the village were feverishly trying to strengthen the mud walls of their low dyke with sandbags. Mr. Wu had shown them how to isolate an underground leak which had appeared as a bubbling spring in front of a poor man's hut. The river, lapping the top of their dyke, was already 2 ft. above the level of the land. The men of the village had all been conscripted to give three hours a day, in relays, for work on the dyke. They worked hard, plastering cracks with mud and straw, but their labour was in vain. A week later their houses were under water and the 3,000 inhabitants of the village were refugees on the railway embankment.

The most serious flooding in 1935 occurred in the upper reaches of the Yangtse's three tributaries, the Han, the Yuan, and the Sian. The Han, flowing south-east, the Sian flowing north, and the Yuan north-east, make, with the Upper Yangtse, four ribs of a fan opening westward from Hankow. On the Yuan, farmers were seen hastily flailing wheat in the face of the oncoming flood after the dykes had burst. Hundreds were drowned.

But the Han River brought more death and desolation that year than all the other rivers of China. In one district of 200 cities only twenty survived. In this district alone 330,000 people were made homeless, and thousands drowned. At a place called Mieh Yang, a thousand men, repairing a breach in the dyke, were hurled to death when the flood washed the dyke from under them. The whole city of Fancheng was submerged when the Han River suddenly rose 10 ft. within an hour at night. Outside the city walls people were washed away like straws, with nothing to cling to. At Chungsiang the river rose 17 ft. in a few hours and then gradually rose 20 ft. higher till it flowed over the city wall, filling the houses.

The survivors of this disaster, in bands sometimes a thousand strong, spread like hordes of locusts across the uplands, devouring the unripe grain in the fields. When they came to villages they did not plunder, but told the inhabitants that they had come to eat. When they and their reluctant hosts had consumed all the stores of food they moved on together in orderly procession to the next village.

The provincial governments as well as the National Government, the International Famine Relief Commission, the Red Cross, and many Chinese and foreign charitable organisations hastened to send relief in the form of rice, medicines, and clothing, and also seed for planting. Often the starving people ate the seed grain, so that none remained for next season's crops.

PLIGHT OF THE HOMELESS: Ramshackle structures of wood housing refugees in a flooded area round about Hankow

THE PLIGHT OF CHINA'S SOUTHERN CITY: A once handsome building of western style wrecked by Japanese bombs during one of the series of air raids which recently paralysed the life of Canton. In ten days of consecutive bombing it was estimated that 3,000 people were killed and 6,000 wounded

SEARCHING AMID THE DEBRIS for victims after one of the big Japanese raids on Canton. The nurses in the picture are from the Hackett Medical Centre, an institution founded by the Presbyterian Church

BOMBED CANTON

The Eastern Guernica

On left—
REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES: Smoking wreckage in a bombed area of Canton. The worst series of Japanese raids lasted for ten days with only a short interval between each raid

LONDON'S GILBERT AND SULLIVAN SEASON

A Special Section of "The Sphere" Containing Further Pictures Taken at the Scala Theatre Where the D'Oyly Carte Company Is Presenting the Ever-Popular Savoy Operas

"NOW HERE IS A MAN WHOSE PHYSICAL ATTRIBUTES ARE SIMPLY GODLIKE"

Evelyn Gardiner as the Fairy Queen and Sydney Granville as Private Willis, of the Grenadier Guards, in "Iolanthe"

This special section follows up a similar section published in last week's issue and illustrates, in a series of pictures taken for "The Sphere" by arrangement with Mr. Rupert d'Oyly Carte, some of the famous Savoy operas which are now being presented at the Scala Theatre. These operas, with their topsy-turvy humour and classic tunes, have lost nothing of their old-time spell, and Londoners, as ever, are flocking to them. Sydney Granville, who plays many famous parts and is here seen as Private Willis, holds a very high place in the affections of Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts

"IOLANTHE, OR THE PEER

Scenes from the Current Scala Theatre Production of One of the

"TRIPPING HITHER, TRIPPING THITHER, NOBODY KNOWS WHY OR WHITHER": Leila, Celia, and Fleta (Ivy Sanders, Margery Abbott, and Kathleen Naylor), the three fairies who appear at the start of Act I of *Iolanthe*

Below—
"I'M HALF A FAIRY," says Arcadian shepherd Strephon (Leslie Rands) to Arcadian shepherdess Phyllis (Brenda Bennett) in Palace Yard, Westminster

"When Britain really ruled the waves
(In good Queen Bess's time)
The House of Peers made no pretence
To intellectual eminence
Or scholarship sublime"

THE CHORUS OF PEERS sing of a day when they didn't do much themselves but "England won her proudest bays in good Queen Bess's glorious days"

"Ah, my Lords, it is seldom that a Lord Chancellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I am free to confess I would rather be two earls engaged to Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the face of the globe"

The exhausted Lord Chancellor (Martyn Green) confesses his longing for the shepherdess to the Earl of Mountararat (Darrell Fancourt) and the Earl Tolloller (John Dean)

AND THE PERI"

Most Tuneful of All the Operas

"IOLANTHE! FROM THY DARK EXILE THOU ART SUMMONED! COME TO OUR CALL! COME TO OUR CALL—COME, IOLANTHE": Marjorie Eyre, who plays the title role of Strephon's fairy mother, rises from the water, "clad in water weeds," at the behest of the assembled fairies

"So the richest and rankiest of you all my sorrowful heart shall choose. As none are so noble—none so rich as this couple of lords, I'll find a niche in my heart that's aching, quaking, breaking, for one of you two—and I don't care which"

THE SHEPHERDESS'S DILEMMA: Phyllis (Brenda Bennett) does not know which of the lords to choose, the Earl of Mountararat (Darrell Fancourt) or the Earl Tolloller (John Dean) as each is noble and each is rich. She voices her indecision in this ballad (left)

"Once again thy vows are broken: thou thyself thy doom hath spoken! Bow thy head to Destiny: death thy doom and thou shalt die!"

FINALE: The Fairy Queen (Evelyn Gardiner) pronounces the doom of Iolanthe (Marjorie Eyre) while the Lord Chancellor (Martyn Green) supports her in her anguish. All is well, however, for it appears that all the fairies have broken their vows, an awkward situation which compels the Queen to announce that she cannot "slaughter the whole company"

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

"This very night, with bated breath and muffled oar—without a light, as still as death, we'll steal ashore"

Hebe (Marjorie Eyre) and Josephine (Ann Drummond-Grant) plot the latter's marriage to Able Seaman Ralph Rackstraw at the end of Act I in *H.M.S. Pinafore*

"THIS IS A VERY SINGULAR OCCURRENCE," says Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (Martyn Green), as he looks upon Captain Corcoran (Leslie Rands) who now wears the uniform of an able seaman, having changed places with Ralph Rackstraw (John Dudley), now gorgeous in the uniform of captain and having beside him his beloved Josephine (Ann Drummond-Grant). It is then that they all sing the refrain:—

"Oh joy, oh rapture unforeseen,
The clouded sky is now serene,
The God of day—the orb of love
Has hung his ensign high above,
The sky is all ablaze"

"SAD MY LOT AND SORR
Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.
says: "Fear nothing—
days." After some hes
vows shall

On left—
DICK DEADEYE TELLS ALL: The veteran tar (Darrell Fancourt) approaches Captain Corcoran (Leslie Rands), commanding *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and sings:—

"Kind Captain, your young lady is a-sighing
Sing hey, the simple captain that you are,
This very night with Rackstraw to be flying;
Sing hey, the merry maiden and the tar"

RE": The Opera of "The Lass that Loved the Sailor" Newly Pictured

"REFRAIN, AUDACIOUS TAR, YOUR SUIT FROM PRESSING": Josephine (Ann Drummond-Grant), the Captain's daughter, at first rejects the advances of Able Seaman Ralph Rackstraw (John Dudley). Then he sings:—

"Proud lady, have your way,
Unfeeling beauty!
You speak and I obey,
It is my duty!
I am the lowliest tar
That sails the water,
And you, proud maiden, are
My Captain's daughter"

SOB "WHAT SHALL I DO? I CANNOT LIVE ALONE!" bemoans Ko (Martyn Green), but Hebe (Marjorie Eyre) comforts him as she ng- I live I'll not desert you. I'll soothe and comfort your declining e he cy Sir Joseph acquiesces and announces, "To-morrow morn our shan e plighted, three loving pairs on the same day united"

On right—
LITTLE BUTTERCUP CONFESSES: Mrs. Cripps (Evelyn Gardiner), the Portsmouth bumboat woman, describes in broken accents how Ralph Rackstraw and Captain Corcoran got mixed up:—

"Two tender babes I nursed:
One was of low condition,
The other, upper crust,
A regular patrician.
Oh, bitter is my cup,
However could I do it?
I mixed those children up,
And not a creature knew it!"

A SUCCESS OF THE SUMMER SEASON: Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, and Adrianne Allen make a first-rate starring trio in *Plan for a Hostess*, that bright comedy at the St. Martin's, which is still going strong. Yvonne Arnaud plays the part of the wife who attempts to blackmail her husband; there ensues a brilliant battle of wits between the wife and Griselda Taunton (Adrianne Allen) on right

TWO MORE HITS: *Left*—The officers who provide much of the drama in *The Island* at the Comedy Theatre. Godfrey Tearle, on right of group, makes a welcome return to the West End. *Right*—Bernard Lee and Ursula Jeans as the lovers in St. John Ervine's *People of Our Class* at the New Theatre

On left—
"QUEEN VICTORIA, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE CONSORT, OPENS ASTON PARK": A picture taken during a rehearsal of the *Pageant of Birmingham* in the grounds of Aston Hall, Birmingham's historic Jacobean mansion

DRAMA, FILM AND

ALTHOUGH I am in sympathy with Mr. Sydney Carroll in his protest against the aeroplanes which seem to have formed an anti-Shakespearean league and to back it up by flying over the Open Air Theatre during the performances, these machines were not wholly out of place in *The Tempest*. Mysterious shafts of light flashing across the night sky and machines, minute in the indigo distance, darting like fire-flies, became, without much stretch of imagination, part and parcel of Prospero's magic isle. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of" muses that spell-binder in one of those glorious bursts of poetry without which this play would be a poor affair, and mighty pleasant I found it to half-dream away an evening in surroundings which on this occasion at least were idyllic. For the Open Air Theatre, when it is good, is very good.

Good, too—indeed, excellent—is Mr. Robert Atkins's production. Prospero's realistic cave and the appearances of Ariel among the bushes in a dim blue light which "neither is on land nor sea" were notable features. That one of the characters remarks that not a bush is to be seen on the island cannot be helped; one cannot be expected to cut down all the bushes in Regent's Park because of Shakespeare. The odd masked beings who came from behind the laurels to dance round Ceres and her friends did so creditably enough to Sullivan's music, though they were hardly odd enough. Nor is Sullivan. *L'Oiseau de Feu* and the genius of Stravinsky have spoiled us for all other attempts at the bizarre in ballet. Yet, considering the circumstances (and here one really must use the phrase) it was all both efficient and effective.

LONDON HAS FLOCKED TO SEE HER: Lynn Fontanne, whose acting in *Amphitryon 38*, a modern version of a classic story, has been a notable feature of the summer season in the West End. It is to be regretted that the play is being given such a restricted run

Even the comic scenes, which rely almost entirely on the very doubtful comicality of stage drunkenness, won plenty of laughs, thanks largely to that rich and ripe Shakespearean clown, Mr. Roy Byford. Mr. Morris Harvey, who in previous seasons has clowned it in *The Tempest*, now wears a white beard and an impressive mien as the gravest of grave and reverend seigneurs. Such is the translation of a Pelissier *Folly*. Mr. Philip Merivale's fine voice is heard to advantage as Prospero; he pours out the beauty of the poetry without, as do so many Prosperos, preaching it. A Ferdinand as goodly to look upon as Mr. David Tree, who can also act and speak his lines without the horrid sibilance of the average Shakespearean *jeune premier*, is, indeed, a find; Mr. Tree looks like perpetuating the honoured name of his grandfather, Beerbohm Tree, and he is the double of his father and my very dear friend, the late Alan Parsons, in Alan's Oxford days.

Mr. Atkins's Caliban is the best I have seen since Beerbohm Tree's—fierce and hideous, but pathetic. Miss Peggy Bryan, who came to the front as a precocious schoolgirl in a play at the Royalty some months ago, plays Ariel prettily enough. I usually find female Ariels either too young or too old; if they are too young (and Peggy is a child) they look right, but get too little out of the part, and if they are too old they get everything out of the part, but look wrong. I think that, on the whole, I prefer male Ariels.

"Sexes and Sevens."—A couple of dismal hours were unprofitably spent last week at the Vaudeville Theatre, where was produced a farce entitled *Sexes and Sevens*. It made a certain amount of people in the stalls laugh, though I detected a somewhat forced enthusiasm in that laughter. Let the past bury its past, for this was the type of play about which one instinctively writes in the past tense, and I see no grounds for a post-mortem. Most of the stalest jokes of the period 1875–1895 were included, the only novel attempt at fun being the taking of a racing greyhound's temperature with a barometer, one of those things like banjos which are tapped by elderly men in elderly clubs.

In order to dull the inordinate hilarity that incident was expected to evoke, one character said to another, "Call me a cab," the reply to which came pat—"You're a cab." At that point I longed to depart and was forced to remain in my stall only by the conviction that if I had staggered, half-stunned with boredom, into the Strand and asked the commissionaire to call me a cab, he would have said, "You're a cab." In which case I would probably have killed him.

The Slump.—The surprising thing is not that plays of the above type disappear after a few performances

BALLET : "The Tempest" in the Open Air : A Farce Meets Sudden Death : Russian Ballet at Covent Garden : Au Revoir to the Lunts : Immortal Alf

By PHILIP PAGE

but that they are ever produced at all. Legitimate cause for surprise is the failure of *The Sun Never Sets* at Drury Lane. I am not myself particularly fond of spectacular Druriodrama, but I thought this a most efficient example, likely to last at least as long as most of its predecessors. Well, it seems I was wrong. But there is a slump in theatreland, and a slump, whatever its cause (and it is always possible to furnish half-a-dozen or more reasons why people are *not* going to the theatre, most of them mutually contradictory), carries plays good, bad and indifferent in its grim flood, only the slump-proof, and fool-proof, successes remaining.

A general explanation of the slumpishness of theatrical things in general is that attendance is being hit by outdoor attractions, rendered more attractive by fine weather. Equally general would be the explanation, if the weather were not fine, that "You can't expect people to go to the theatre on a pouring wet night."

It is easier to understand the poor support given to all but the most established triumphs by the cheaper parts of the house. Enthusiastic indeed were the occupants of theatre galleries in their willingness to be content with a bird's-eye view of what was happening on the stage and with necessarily imperfect audibility even in the days before films became a rival attraction. Now that in a cinema theatre they can obtain for the same price a comfortable seat a long way from the ceiling and can see figures far larger than life on the screen and much more audible, there is something heroic about those who are still faithful, whatever the play, to the older art.

Russian Ballet.— Nijinsky, greatest male dancer of the age, has for years been in a mental home suffering from "schizophrenia" — i.e., a mind split in two. Now the Russian Ballet itself has split in two, which means simultaneous seasons at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane. I do not see why this arrangement should necessarily mean mutual throat-cutting; London's ballet audiences are now very large and are growing, nor are they confined to the strict balletomanes (with their attendant oddities) and a proportion of fashionable folk, most of whom (not all) go because it is the thing to do and because it gives them something to talk about over the dinner table and at cocktail parties. We have recently had such simultaneous seasons at Covent Garden and the Coliseum, both with a fair measure of success.

But the growth of the ballet public is accompanied by growth of expert knowledge on the part of that public. A higher standard is therefore demanded. There is nothing much wrong with the standard of the nameless troupe at Covent Garden this summer, though the season started off with some poor performances, due probably to nerves and the rumble of distant legal fighting. The troupe is now in splendid form. If one of these two rival seasons feels the draught it will be its own fault and not because there *are* two of them.

Comparisons may be odious but are certainly inevitable. I would say that Drury Lane is stronger in men and Covent Garden in women. The adorable Mlle Danilova is now with the former. Yet I cannot hope to see better dancing than that of Mlle Riabouchinska of Covent Garden, an exquisite artist and just now at the very top of her form.

There are veterans in both camps; M. Massine made his English debut in 1914 and Mlle Tchernicheva danced before the murdered Tsar when they called it St. Petersburg.

"Alf's Button Afloat" (Film).— Mr. W. A. Darlington's *Alf's Button* was indeed a brilliantly happy farcical invention. It is also happy in having fresh life pumped into it, unlike *Charley's Aunt* and *The Private Secretary*, with which it is worthy to rank. The immortality of those old-stagers had, as it were, to stay put. *Alf's Button*, on the other hand, has now become *Alf's Button Afloat*, though far more important than the addition of a word to its title is the addition of the Palladium Crazy Gang to its cast.

No film with Nervo and Knox, Flanagan and Allen, and Naughton and Gold could be anything but a riot of fun, and that is why a visit to the Gaumont can be recommended as a cure for the blues, the jitters, the heebie-geebies, and other mysterious complaints which only laughter can dispel. Mr. Alistair Sim, that amusing Scot, has an important part, and every day seems to grow more like Sir John Reith (though I would not say that that is why he is so amusing). As for the Crazy Gang's most hilarious moment — a ship's concert — it is so admirable that even that hoary and ancient wheeze, a burlesque of grand opera, becomes almost tolerable.

A SAD GOOD-BYE TO GODS AND MORTALS: Jupiter, Mercury, Alcmena and Amphitryon this week vanish from the stage of the Lyric Theatre. It is a passing which all lovers of the wittiest play which London has seen for a long day will much regret, but the Lunts must have their well-earned holiday. Here is seen Mercury (Richard Whorf) meeting a witty quip by Alcmena (Lynn Fontanne)

LYNN FONTANNE as Alcmena, for whom the god comes down to earth and woos with mixed success in *Amphitryon 38*

SHOWS TO SEE

AMBASSADORS	*Spring Meeting*
HAYMARKET	*Comedienne*
OPEN AIR THEATRE	*The Tempest*
PLAYHOUSE	*Poison Pen*
ST. MARTIN'S	*Plan For A Hostess*
STRAND	*Banana Ridge*

O O

TALKIE APPARATUS! Jane Bryan, starring in *A Slight Case of Murder*, with a feathered colleague. This film, by First National Pictures, has been showing at the Odeon, Leicester Square, since the beginning of last month to a continually full house

BEER-BARON TURNED LEGITIMATE: Edward G. Robinson (at the telephone) who plays the amusing part of Remy Marco, a gangster who has become respectable, in the Damon Runyon story, *A Slight Case of Murder*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square

ROMANCE ON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND: Madge Evans and John Boles in the new Universal picture *Sinners in Paradise*, a story involving the wreck of an air-liner in mid-Pacific and the stranding of the passengers on an island inhabited by one white man (John Boles)

EXHIBITION OF "THE ROSE" IN PARIS

A Fascinating Collection of Paintings and Objets d'Art All Dealing With the Rose, the National Flower of England, Will Prove a Charming Gesture of Welcome to the King and Queen on Their Forthcoming Visit to the French Capital

THE ILL-FATED PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE offering a rose to the Duc de Penthièvre. This charming scene by Jean Baptiste Charpentier is one of the outstanding exhibits. It seems incredible that this charming woman, the devoted personal attendant of Marie Antoinette, should have met such a terrible fate. When in attendance on her royal mistress at the Temple she was seized by the mob and beheaded

THE ROSE IN MARBLE: A Bacchante bust by Carpeaux (1827-1875). *Below*—A Sèvres china vase with delicate rose decorations on a dark base

AN enchanting exhibition entitled "La Rose dans l'Art" is now being held at the Pavillon du Comte d'Artois and the Trianon de Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. This has been organised by M. Jean Louis Vaudoyer, curator of the Carnavalet Museum. The five hundred odd exhibits comprise many varied works of art (dating from a fragment of a fifth-century Greek mosaic) inspired by the beauty of the rose and are shown in a charmingly arranged decor of numerous varieties of natural roses. Here are paintings by masters of almost every school of painting dating from Filippo Lippi up till the present day; pastels, water-colours, drawings, engravings; rose motifs in sculpture, miniatures, manuscripts, books, music, the decorative arts, tapestries, stuffs, wall-paper, furniture, dresses, china, medallions, clocks and watches, fans, purses, umbrellas, etuis, menus, and even a pair of braces which were worn by Balzac! This unusual exhibition has met with marked success, and will be open to the many foreign visitors who chance to be in the French capital during and after the visit of the King and Queen. It will in all probability be prolonged until the month of October. Their Majesties may visit this exhibition on the day of the garden-party which will be held in their honour in the park of Bagatelle.

A. W.

A ROSE MOTIF BY FANTIN-LATOUR: This charming exhibition has brought into prominence a very delightful portrait by Fantin-Latour of Madame Henri Lerolle. The picture was painted in 1882. *On right*—"Le Comte de Noglut," by Francois Hubert Drouais, the famous eighteenth-century Court painter and portrayer of many contemporary celebrities

BRIDGING THE ST. LAWRENCE

A Link between Canada and the U.S.

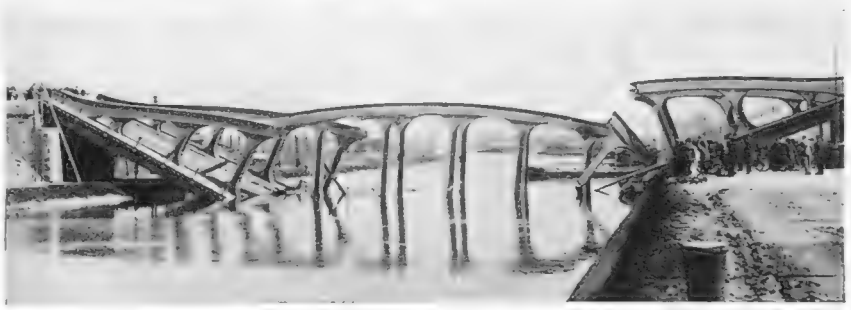
One of the steel cantilever spans (*above on left*) and a general view (*above*) of the series of bridges which are being built across the St. Lawrence between Ivy Lea and Collins Landing, thus linking Canada and the United States at a new point. The bridges are in the Thousand Islands area, and it will be seen how some of the islands have been utilised as "stepping stones," thus cutting down the construction costs to the remarkably low figure of £450,000

THE FAILURE OF THE HASSELT BRIDGE

The Sudden Collapse of a Welded Structure Causes an Engineering Controversy

ON March 14 last a serious accident occurred at Hasselt, Belgium, on an all-welded bridge over the Albert Canal, on the road from Hasselt to Genck, collapsed after a series of fractures of its members. The bridge had been in service for a year and a half, and was subjected, with apparently successful results, in January, 1937, to the regulation test as ordained by the Belgian authorities.

This disaster has been the subject of widespread discussion in technical circles and has indeed resolved itself into a really major issue in the engineering world, for the failure of a metal bridge when in service has hitherto been an unheard-of happening. There are some, however, who have not generally shared the widespread preference for welding as a mode of construction, and a short while ago the vanishing without trace of a welded steamship in the North Atlantic on her maiden voyage was a tragedy that appeared to confirm their fears.

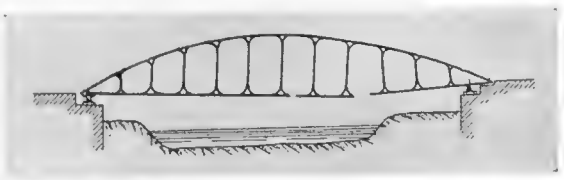


THE HASSELT BRIDGE AFTER ITS DRAMATICALLY SUDDEN COLLAPSE ON MARCH 14, 1938: A picture showing how this welded structure over the Albert Canal, Belgium, was fractured in several places, dividing into three parts, the middle one of which fell in the water. The accident is quite without precedent in a metal bridge in service

The Hasselt failure, happening at a time when the engineers responsible for this type of construction had thought that their methods were protected by the experience gained in previous designs of welded structures, has naturally caused some doubt as to the wisdom of proceeding with further structures, and as to the safety or otherwise of the welded bridges already in existence.

In discussing the matter in a recent issue, *The Engineer*, that well-known technical journal, made known the following facts, quoting the opinions of Professor E. François of Brussels University: "After its collapse, the Hasselt bridge was for some days a place of pilgrimage, where Belgian and other engineers gathered in great numbers. The majority of mankind is deaf to the signs and portents which oppose its immediate reasoning, and a catastrophe is necessary before it will admit in the end the reality of the situation. In the many provinces of engineering there have necessarily been accidents, resulting in the end in keeping new developments on a sound course. If composure is kept, the lessons which are to be learnt from the collapse of the Hasselt bridge, far from hindering the development of welded construction, will, on the contrary, contribute greatly to the progress of this recent development.

IT HAPPENED IN SIX MINUTES: Another view of the Hasselt bridge after its collapse. It had only been in service for eighteen months



THE FAILURE IN DETAIL: A sketch showing the point where the first break occurred on a lower girder, and (*below*) the final phase of the collapse, revealing more fractures

"From 1933 to 1938 no fewer than fifty-two welded bridges, with spans varying from 60 m. to 90 m., were built in Belgium by about a dozen different firms of structural engineers, in mild and semi-mild steel, produced by makers in all parts of Belgium and Luxembourg. These bridges were welded with three kinds of electrodes.

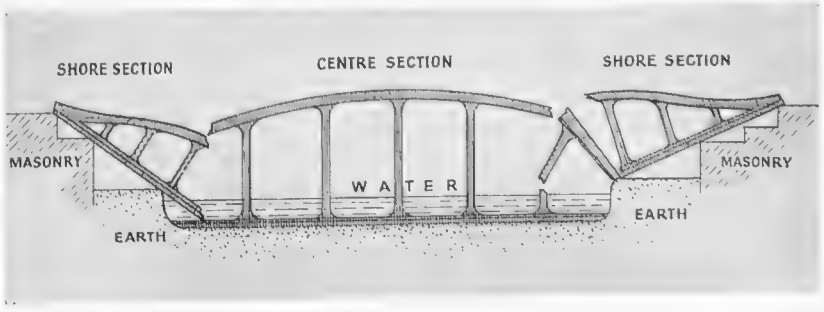
"It might have been wiser to have waited until the first bridges of this type had had time to reveal in full their weaknesses, but this kind of rapid development is not unusual; engineers often follow a practice which is established in an unknown manner. They also frequently give their thoughts a free rein in furnishing the explanation of an accident in a manner to suit their own fancies.

"One engineer will say that it is sabotage. Another will say that it is the earth return circuit of the nearby electricity supply cables which has caused the collapse of the bridge. It was the shrinkage of the reinforced concrete floor joints, a third will say. Temperature effects played a great part, will say a fourth person, for the accident took place at 8.20 in the morning. The bridge was not supported sufficiently during erection by means of two intermediate timber staging piers, a fifth will say. Yet another will say that the welding gang was at fault by reason of lack of honesty or skill.

"Numerous sudden fractures, accompanied by detonations, have occurred on other welded bridges; these sudden cracks manifest themselves for the most part at the works, although some occur during erection, indifferently at the weld, at the scarf of the weld, or in the solid plate away from the weld. The most serious of such cases of cracking was that of the Stockroye bridge in October, 1936.

"The Hasselt bridge was six minutes in collapsing; after the lower member of one of the two main girders had broken, the upper member, acting like a bow, chiselled through the two abutments and then broke in its turn. Thereupon the other main girder broke. The bridge divided into three parts, of which the middle part fell into the canal, as shown in the accompanying pictures. No part of the bridge was bent, twisted, or deformed. The cross sections where the fractures occurred were rough and showed no trace of being torn apart, or signs of elongation or contraction of area. In other places—in the two main girders and also the uprights, even in the welds, in the scarf of a weld or elsewhere beyond the weld, or in the solid plate—there could be seen sharp cracks."

According to Professor François, the examination of the fractures on the bridge showed that the metal throughout was brittle. He insists, in future, on the rigid adherence to a code of welding rules compiled by a responsible authority. First and foremost there must be used a metal which possesses weldability to a high degree, and which does not suffer coarsening by local heating effects. Perhaps one of the most important of his comments is that on the desirability of subjecting welded frames or portions thereof to heat treatment for release of stresses.



HOLIDAY OUTFITS . . .

The International Golfer—a Lillywhite golf dress in unshrinkable vividly striped piqué. It has special freedom sleeves, a neck that can be worn open or closed, and a tuck-in shirt so designed that it can neither slip nor ride

Beach Clothes this year are colourful and neat. They are as admirably tailored as a town suit, they have no frills or fussy details, they are designed for comfort, for coolness, and for slenderness. They fall into three main categories. Dressmaker swim suits, which look like play suits but are lined with stockinette, worn with knee-length or calf-length coats; brief one-piece swim suits worn with full-length beach coats. Or play suits, with shirt-waist tops and no backs, worn with coat frocks buttoning down the front. Newest of all is the beach dress shown in the photograph on this page. The Swyzerli jackets, gaily patterned and embroidered, cost 52s. 6d., and the skirts, in white flannel with inverted gores, cost 25s., in white linen, 21s., and sunray pleated in fine wool, 35s. They come from Lillywhites.

Yachting calls for the most practical of all sports clothes. There is an appropriateness about fine Terry slacks that makes them hard to beat, especially when they are worn with a fine wool shirt. For colder days, try slacks of Admiralty serge worn with a seaman's sweater. For rather more tailored, land-lubber occasions, there are slacks with matching blazers, spruce as a man's lounge suit, with contrasting Middy jackets. Remember to pack plenty of bathing suits.

Golf in England means good tweeds, good woollies—lots of them—the best shoes that you can buy, and a host of scarves. If you are playing abroad, where it is hot, it means tailored silk dresses, specially designed, pleated silk skirts, and silk and cotton knitted pullovers. Lillywhites' International Golfer, as its name implies, is carefully thought out to help you make the most of your game. It is good looking, too, for it is very cool and crisp: the shirt fastens between the legs, rather like a cami-knicker: and the price is 25s.

Tennis used to mean white, pure white, and nothing but white. It still does, to a great extent, if you are in the championship class, but most people like a vivid pullover, an embroidered monogram, or coloured shoe pipings to add a personal note. Newer than shorts, and more flattering, are the new brief skirts sponsored by Lillywhites and shown in our picture. Tailored shorts-dresses have many devotees because they are so charming and really comfortable to play in.

Make-up depends entirely on whether you want to brown or to remain fair. Either is a perfectly simple matter, but it is one to make up your mind about before you begin your holiday. Half way through is too late. If you want to stay fair, use a completely protective cream, and use it liberally. If you want to brown, but not to redden or burn, use a cream which has been specially created for this purpose. If you want to get brown as speedily as possible, use an oil, and start to rub it into your skin at least a week before you begin sunbathing.

All set for a carefree seaside holiday, these two girls follow the fashionable trend for spots and stripes. The first wears Heim's two-piece bathing suit, faintly reminiscent of those that were in vogue many years ago. It is in brown striped white linen, has a built-up waist and short puff sleeves. The second girl has on a pair of grey, blue and white striped linen slacks, with a blouse and sash in white-spotted garnet-coloured twill. Another old-fashioned fabric that is now very much in favour

Here is the new skirt length for beach dresses and for tennis. It is either gored or sunray pleated, and it is worn here with a Swyzerli jacket patterned with maps and brightly bordered

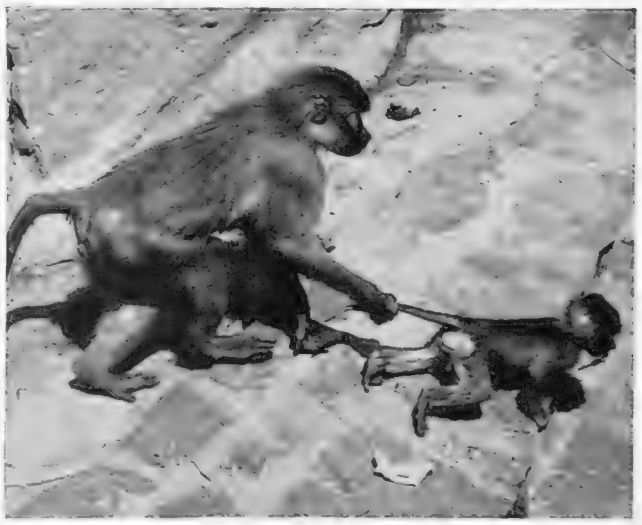
For complete and absolute comfort a shirt-suit in alpaca linen, trim and slender as even the most exacting could wish. It is made also in white or sky blue sharkskin, and it comes from Lillywhites

"ORPHAN ANNIE," THE LONDON ZOO'S CORSICAN IBEX, is being brought up on the bottle, for when she was born the other day the keeper soon noticed the mother's indifference to her child and her refusal to feed it. After 24 hours "Orphan Annie" was so weak that she was given up for lost. Hearing about it, seventeen-year-old Ilene Slingsby, one of the girls from the Children's Zoo, begged to be allowed to have charge of her and, lo and behold, within a few hours had the young ibex sitting up and taking nourishment in the eagerest of manners

BABES in the ZOOS

A Hippo and an Ibex Are Brought Up On The Bottle

ROSE'S ROSEBUD: This is the 45-lb. baby hippopotamus, daughter of Rose, which has just been born at Central Park Zoo, New York, and has taken to the bottle with rare relish



TAIL WITH A TWIST: This parent monkey at Berlin Zoo was quite evidently prepared to stand no nonsense at all from his offspring

The Ponies of Easton Lodge: A Home For Equine Veterans

On left—
A SANCTUARY IN OLD AGE: Lady Mercy Marter, daughter of Frances, Countess of Warwick, feeding some of the ponies on the Warwick estate at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex, where many veteran horses and ponies, including the smallest of Shetlands, are ending their days in peace. Whenever Lady Warwick hears of a pony threatened with the humane killer she inquires into the circumstances and often purchases it

SUMMER-TIME INCREASE IN TYRE WEAR

Hot, Dry Weather Decreases the Life of the Tread

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

COTTON ROADS: On a stretch of road near St. Joseph, Florida, U.S.A., cotton fabric is being laid on an asphalt base. The fabric is tacked at the edges to prevent wrinkles and more asphalt is applied. Crushed stones form the top surface, and it is claimed that by this means potholes are entirely prevented

GOOD NEWS FOR LANCASHIRE? If this method of using cotton fabric in the construction of roads is generally adopted, the cotton industry should stage a great recovery. The above picture shows the fabric, which costs £14 per mile, being laid on to its asphalt binder before being coated with crushed stone

IF we were all farmers, few of us would feel pleased about the abnormally dry weather we have had since the beginning of the year, but, as motorists, every one of us has been overjoyed by the fact that it has been a rare occurrence to drive along a wet road for the past six months. Those motorists, however, who have to study their costs may not, perhaps, realise that hot dry weather tends to compel them to dive deeper into their pockets than would otherwise be the case. I myself must confess that I did not realise the effect of this type of weather on tyre wear until I was talking the other day to Mr. Norman H. Freeman of the Dunlop Rubber Company. He told me that comparatively few complaints of rapid tread wear are made during the months from March to June. That in July they begin to increase and the peak is reached in October and November.

Apparently, it is now well known to tyre companies that the rate of wear during the hot, dry summer weather is considerably more than in the colder winter months and, therefore, because the public have not become fully conscious of this fact, complaints of rapid tread wear increase in the late summer and early winter. The present year has been exceptional in that extremely dry weather has been experienced during the past months, and, in consequence, the tyre companies anticipate that unless a prolonged period of wet weather ensues there will be a longer period during which the rate of wear will be high and complaints will increase at earlier dates.

Mr. Freeman went on to tell me that if the summer should prove to be dry and hot the adverse influence on tyre life may be comparatively serious. As speed is one of the main factors governing tyre life, the effect is likely to be more pronounced on tyres fitted to fast powerful cars, particularly when the driver is in the habit of making full use of the engine and brakes at his disposal. We should remember that water is probably the best lubricant that can be used where rubber is concerned. Running tyres on a dry road is rather like running a bearing in a dry state.

WHILST on this subject of tyres I would like to emphasise the desirability of checking tyre pressures at regular stated intervals. Possibly the best method to adopt is to check them once a week and to decide on a definite day. This simple plan prevents this precaution being overlooked. We all know that if a tyre wears unexpectedly quickly and we take it back to the manufacturer with a complaint, we are usually told that the short life is due to under-inflation. In nine cases out of ten this explanation probably hits the nail on the head, and so it behoves every careful motorist to see that the proper pressures are maintained. Apart, however, from causing rapid wear, under-inflated tyres make for unpleasant driving. Frequently when my car does not appear to steer as nicely as it usually does, I find on checking tyre pressures that these are not up to the specified figure.

In the earlier days of motoring it was quite a common occurrence to run on under-inflated tyres, as this procedure gave the driver and his passengers a much more comfortable ride, but to-day, when car suspensions as a whole are so much more efficient, there is no earthly reason for adopting this bad practice.

SOME weeks ago I related an experience of mine when I drove a friend's car with little or no water in the radiator and thereby had a narrow escape from seriously damaging his engine. I remarked that the average modern small car was not now fitted with a thermometer which would warn the driver if the water circulating system was not functioning in a proper manner. A reader has written to me and pointed out that the well-known Jowett light car is fitted with such a thermometer, on the dashboard. Unfortunately, I have not driven one of these cars recently and so did not mention this fact at the time. I am glad, however, to learn that the manufacturers in question have seen fit to give the owner the means of telling whether the engine is being cooled properly or not.

WHEN I took delivery of my new 30-h.p. Rolls-Royce in February last, I mentioned at the time in these notes that I had fitted an additional wiper to keep the inside of the windscreen clear. Now that I have driven the car some months I would like to report that this additional wiper has been eminently satisfactory.

Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., who fitted it for me when they created the body, made an excellent job of this fitting. When not in use it is tucked completely out of sight in a small recess in the facia board, which is fitted with a small cover that looks part and parcel of the facia board itself. This wiper can be used either independently or in conjunction with those wiping the outside of the screen.

Whilst I was having the body fitted, Messrs. Hooper drew my attention to another device for keeping the glass clear from condensation. This consists of a perfectly transparent sheet of material that looks like skin and is stuck on to the inside of the screen, I presume with a squeegee. I had a sheet of this put on the passenger's side and also on the rear light. I did not carry it right across the windscreen as I was not certain whether it would discolour, and also because I was anxious to carry out a practical test of the inside wiper. I must say, however, this transparent material is really excellent. It is as clear to-day as it was when fitted in February. It requires no attention, and I can confirm that no matter what the conditions may be condensation will not settle on it and so there is always a clear view ahead. One has to be careful, however, that its exposed surface is treated gently, as it will scratch if rubbed with a dirty or gritty duster. It rejoices in the name of "Duravista" and looks to me as if it is a permanent cure for the evil which it is designed to combat.

PLANNED TO POPULAR TASTE: The new Vauxhall Ten Four, which is priced as low as £168. There is comfortable accommodation for four adults, and even if driven hard, this remarkably economical car does over 40 m.p.g.

FOREIGN racing drivers do not care for our handicap races, and, of course, many of our own drivers, unless they be lucky enough to win a handicap event, are apt to hold the same opinion. Obviously, a race in which there are, say, thirty competitors starting from the same mark is certain to be more interesting and exciting than a similar event where the thirty competitors are started at varying intervals.

Abroad, where there are a goodly number of cars built for racing and the performances of which are fairly equal, handicaps are not used. In this country, however, where racing cars are not built in any great numbers and where the performances of those cars which do exist vary so enormously, handicapping is almost essential. Occasionally, there is an outcry against handicapping, and promoters, imagining that the shout comes from a goodly number of would-be drivers who prefer to enter for a scratch race, include such an event at their next meeting. My experience shows me that the entries for such an event eight times out of ten are disappointingly small. Even when drivers are not handicapped individually, but the handicaps are based according to class, the entry is never so big as when the former system is adopted.

Until such time as the British motor trade build fair numbers of genuine racing cars, I am afraid that the present system of handicapping individually must continue if motor racing in this country is to exist. Needless to say, the task of a handicapper is difficult. In any race where this system is adopted he can only please one person, and that is the winner. As a matter of fact, considering the nature of the job, there are comparatively few complaints, and this is due to the fact that promoters and competitors alike realise that the two foremost British handicappers, Messrs. A. V. and A. L. Ebblewhite, perform their task in an amazingly satisfactory manner. Whilst writing about handicaps, I think it is not always thoroughly appreciated that where an individual handicap is given to an entrant in an event the handicap depends not only on the car but on the driver and on the nature of the course over which he is to drive.

THE provisional total number of vehicles parked by the R.A.C. in the official enclosures at the Aldershot Tattoo this year was 51,876, made up as follows: Cars 40,633, coaches 7,050, motor cycles 2,388, and cycles 1,805. The R.A.C. feels it not unbecoming, in view of the magnitude of the task involved in handling over 50,000 vehicles in nine nights, to draw attention to the fact that not one untoward incident occurred throughout the Tattoo so far as the parking was concerned. The inward and outward traffic was maintained without check or interference; "lost" passengers were directed without delay to their respective cars or coaches, and the R.A.C. guides and other officials in charge of the parks were back and in bed in their camp well before daylight, a thing almost unprecedented in previous Tattoos.

A team consisting of three R.A.C. guides has been entered in the International Six Days' Trial, which takes place in Wales on July 11–16. The principal object of the entry is to compete for the Adolf Huhnlein Trophy, which is confined to recognised organisations such as a club, a regiment, police division, etc., and for which teams representing the British and German armies have also entered. The men comprising the team have been selected from the R.A.C. road staff. They will wear their uniforms while riding in the trial and will be mounted on 350 cc. Norton machines. This is the first occasion on which the R.A.C. has sponsored an entry in a purely motor-cycle trial, and it is particularly pleased to be able to do so on this occasion as it presents an opportunity for the club to demonstrate its belief in the motor cycle as almost the ideal vehicle for military, police and similar purposes.

HOW NORFOLK IS REBUILDING HER BATTERED COAST DEFENCES

The Newcastle Family to Demolish Clumber House—A Devonshire Mansion for the Nation—An Old Smock Mill Preserved

HORSEY CLOSES THE BREACH: These two pictures show two stages of the work of constructing a sea wall to keep at bay the tides which, it will be remembered, surged in last winter on the Norfolk coast, drowning many rich acres of land and driving the inhabitants to higher ground. The new defences, which are costing in the neighbourhood of £60,000, consist of a double wall of concrete-filled sandbags, bonded together with iron rods and strong wire netting

FAMOUS MANSION TO BE DEMOLISHED: Clumber House, near Worksop, for generations the ancestral home of the Dukes of Newcastle and one of the show places of the Dukeries, will shortly be pulled down. This decision has been taken because of increasing taxation

AN ESSEX LANDMARK SAVED: This old Smock mill, on the outskirts of Upminster, is to be preserved from demolition under an order made by Essex County Council under the Town and Country Planning Act, 1932. It is a typical weatherboarded timber frame mill on a stout brick lower storey. *On left*—Bradley Manor House, Newton Abbot, Devon, a fine example of fifteenth-century architecture, which has been presented to the National Trust by Miss Diana Firth, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Firth

The DEEDS *of* DUNSANY :

Anecdotes that Make Good Reading in Lady Mary Pakenham's Memoir, "Brought Up and Brought Out"

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THE PASSING OF E. V. LUCAS: The noted essayist and travel writer whose death at seventy years of age is a sad loss to the world of literature. In earlier days, when the late Clement Shorter was editor, Mr. Lucas was a regular contributor to "The Sphere" his remarkable felicity and facility of style bringing him a wide public

THE process of growing up as a member of a large, active, and united family is, as a study, an interesting process, however tiresome and precarious it may seem to the small grower-up. One curious thing is that, no matter what the scope of the family, it does not follow that the bigger it gets, the more it will tend to become a collection of nonentities, with each new brother or sister pushing the others into the background. On the contrary, big families, particularly when they are close enough to each other in age, usually consist of as strangely varied characters as any writer of sagas could achieve.

Lady Mary Pakenham's family seems to have been no exception, judging from her revelations in **BROUGHT UP AND BROUGHT OUT** (Cobden-Sanderson. 8s. 6d.). There were six of them, "Us Four and the Babies"; and, as the author explains, none of them having read her book before its publication, "they wish me to say that they are prepared to deny everything in it."

To the outsider, in any case, it contains no libels; but there is no knowing what sinister nursery vendetta may be continued in the most innocent allusions, or what implications lurk in such a phrase as "Julia . . . never having much spring, had jumped on her face." The fact that in this instance it was a doll's face probably does nothing to lighten the accusation.

The author's life with her family in London, in Oxfordshire and (for one or two enchanting chapters) in Ireland is the subject of her book, with a healthy concentration on her own reactions to relations, society, books, and the war, before which date her memories are not very clear.

Her relations—or such of them as she catalogues—are well worthy of the pages of a memoir, particularly of that uncle to whom fact and legend attributed the most hair-raising and delightful deeds. "For instance, we believed that once when he had gone to lecture at a school he found himself holding a pile of plates, and on being told that they were not wanted, he tossed them over his shoulder. And if he took exception to our clothes he would nail them to the floor, or put plasticine on them and throw them to the ceiling so that they stuck there. And when someone asked if the lake was deep he said 'Go in and see' and pushed them in. And also that in spite of his size he could go round any room on the furniture without touching the floor."

This uncle, whose charms in his nieces' eyes could hardly be exaggerated, was known by the nurses as "*that* Lord Dunsany . . . speaking as though there were several Lord Dunsanys about, but the particular one we had with us at the moment was an objectionable specimen."

After childhood and girlhood came the tedious business of being brought out, which is again an interesting study, if one can be detached about it. Lady Mary can, and her description of debutantes' dances and polite conversations with supper partners chill one's blood with the thought that such boredom exists. Even to this, though, there may be a brighter side, for "after guardees *anyone* is easy to talk to, and the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw has lasted the rest of my life. Sometimes when I have been in heavy weather doing the polite to, say, a New Zealand sheep-picker or an opera-singer who only talks Hungarian, I think of those boys from Aldershot or, worse still, Sandhurst, and I mop my forehead and I thank my stars it wasn't one of them."

There is nothing naive about the author's reflections, and that is the joy of them. I enjoyed the book from cover to cover, even to such aphorisms as "public holidays are like air-raids—it is fatal to be caught out in the open."

The best of raconteurs to-day (at any rate in our language) is Sir Seymour Hicks, whose vitality and gaiety is as spontaneous whether on the stage or off. As an actor he is a comedian in the great tradition of the Guitrys, sophisticated, subtle and impish, with an airy technique that is reminiscent of the best things of the French theatre.

The spoken word is naturally Sir Seymour's best medium, but he is fortunate in being able to convey the quality of his wit in writing as well. **NIGHT LIGHTS** (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) is a typical collection of anecdotes, memories, lively gossip and what the publishers refer to as "whimsical philosophy" but I would rather call, in the brief modern idiom, shrewd cracks at life and people.

One of Sir Seymour's best stories in this collection concerns a man so crooked "that no one dreams of even signing a contract with him unless they first hold the document up to the light to see if there is an 'if' in the watermark"; and another tells of a visit to Brighton and, inevitably, the late Harry Preston. The author attributes a good *mot* on this famous man to his friend Mr. E. V. Lucas, who once said of him that he had sold all that he had and given to the rich.

THE ANGLE OF ERROR (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of short stories by Mrs. Faith Compton Mackenzie, written in the leisured style of thirty years ago, when realism did not necessarily imply descriptions of torture and injustice, and passionately propagandist novelists were still a rarity.

The Spiaggia, which is the scene of one of her stories, is familiar enough to readers of *South Wind*; a mountainous little Southern town of expatriated eccentrics. There the beautiful young singer and the odd old lady, the English spinster (inevitably enough) and the scandalous old Englishman play their appointed parts, and bring their tales to a mild *dénouement*.

When the author chooses a more commonplace background she is less successful; and a short story called *Cushions* is difficult to read without embarrassment. Are marriages so flippantly begun, and are girls, attractive in themselves, attracted by such invertebrate types? Mrs. Mackenzie seems confident that they are, however, and assurance is half the battle.

There is a clever study of a reprobate of an old clergyman, a tender one of a little musician, and one or two unexpectedly bitter. But the exigencies of literary indignation suit the author's manner less well than nostalgic story-telling; and she is at her best with the sunshine and Punchinello dramatics of Spiaggia.

THE GENTLE PHŒNIX by Dorothy Wright (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is another book about a large family—a mother, father and seven children, each and all gifted with some kind of exceptional talent. The father is Irish, a poet, an irritable man, vague and irresponsible. The mother is a beautiful Russian, as temperamental as only Russians can be, talented in love and in human affections, but sadly lacking in the stricter maternal virtues.

It is a household of moods and emotions, but fortunately the efficiency is provided by Tatiana, who supplies the necessary balance of practicality, runs the house as competently as she can, and is downright and honest in all her dealings.

Then there is Mark, who constitutes himself the guardian angel of the family; a man broken physically and spiritually by the war, who preserves his interest in life by devoting himself to the members of this strange family. It is a story on the *Constant Nymph* theme, though without the omnipresence of one definite character, unless it is Jane, whose encounter with the *nouveau riche* patroness is one of the richest veins in the story.

If this is the work of a first novelist it is a remarkable achievement.

BOOKS RECEIVED

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN.—POWER AND GLORY. A Drama in Three Acts. By Karel Capek. 3s. 6d. BATSFORD.—WINKLES AND CHAMPAGNE: Comedies and Tragedies of the Music Hall. By M. Willson Disher. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SHELL GUIDE: The West Coast of Scotland. By Stephen Bone. 2s. 6d. BLACKIE.—WEST COAST CRUISING. By John McLintock. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. BLES.—JAMES DUKE OF MONMOUTH. By Elizabeth D'Oyley. Illustrated. 18s. CASSELL.—ST. HELENA 1502-1938. By Philip Gosse. Illustrated. 15s. LOVE WITHIN LIMITS. By Paul Frischauer. 7s. 6d. CHAPMAN & HALL.—MOTHER AT LARGE. By Kitty Barne. 7s. 6d. BRING THEM UP ALIVE. By Reginald Turnor. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—LATE HARVEST. By George Blake. 8s. 6d. THE SMALLWAYS RUB ALONG. By Neil Bell. 7s. 6d. OLD MOTLEY. By Audrey Lucas. 8s. 6d. CRESSET PRESS.—LOW AGAIN: A Pageant of Politics, With Colonel Blimp, Hit and Muss and Muzzler. 6s. PETER DAVIES.—THE WITNESSES. By Thomas Hennell. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. BACKWARDS TO LAKE COMO. By Loftus Wigram. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—DEATH IS NO SPORTSMAN. By Cyril Hare. 7s. 6d. JOHN GIFFORD.—BEATEN TRACKS. By J. H. MacCallum Scott. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—MORALS IN THE MELTING POT. By Edward F. Griffith. 5s. YOUNG MAN WITH A HORN. By Dorothy Baker. 7s. 6d. MYSTERY WEEK-END. By Percival Wilde. 7s. 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—GUN COTTON AT BLIND MAN'S HOOD. By Rupert Grayson. 7s. 6d. ROBERT HALE.—SIR JOHN SIMON. By Bechhofer Roberts. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—ROOSEVELT: A Study in Fortune and Power. By Emil Ludwig. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. MY LIFE AS A REBEL. By Angelica Balabanoff. 10s. 6d. HARRAP.—FREE-LANCE. By E. Alexander Powell. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—COLLECTIVE ADVENTURE: An Informal Account of the Communal Settlements of Palestine. By Maurice Pearlman. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. LINDSAY DRUMMOND LTD.—A KING IN TOILS. By J. D. Griffith Davies. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—NEWS REEL AND OTHER POEMS. By Margaret Stanley-Wrench. 5s. METHUEN.—A PREJUDICE FOR BALLET. By A. V. Coton. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. ATHLETICS. By John Hansen. Translated by Norah Holtze. Illustrated. 6s. MURRAY.—POEMS. By James Graham, Marquis of Montrose (1612-50). 5s. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—BRITAIN LOOKS AT GERMANY. By Sir Edward Grigg. 5s. MARTIN SECKER.—THE ANGLE OF ERROR. By Faith Compton Mackenzie. 7s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—JAPAN'S GAMBLE IN CHINA. By Freda Utley. 6s. TEMPLE PRESS LTD.—THE MOTOR REPAIR MANUAL. By the Staff of *The Motor*. 2s. 6d. WERNER LAURIE.—DUCHESS BY APPOINTMENT. By Lady Mary Cameron. 7s. 6d.

EXETER'S FAMOUS MARKET THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION

Drawn by Dennis Flanders

A SUBJECT OF BITTER CONTROVERSY: A drawing, specially made for "The Sphere," of the Higher Market in Queen Street, Exeter, which is threatened with demolition in connection with plans for a new civic centre and police station. The scheme has been widely criticised, particularly by that virile organisation, the Georgian group, and there is an energetic movement to have it shelved, which has culminated in a Transport Ministry inquiry. Erected under the superintendence of Charles Fowler, from designs prepared by George Dymond, of Bristol, who died before the building was started, this noble Doric work took three years to complete, and cost the amazingly small sum—to modern ideas—of about £19,000. Its architect, Fowler, was the son of a dyer, of Cullompton, and may be rated not only the greatest architect that Devonshire has ever produced, but also the greatest English designer of markets. Covent Garden was his and also the fine market at Hungerford, where Charing Cross Station now stands

FINE OLD SILVER

The hall-marks on this 18th century tankard — now in the Victoria and Albert Museum — shew that it was made in London by William Shaw and William Priest in the year 1756-7.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

For the guidance of the connoisseur in fine ales, Bass is recognised by the World-famous Triangle. This is not only trade mark No. 1 in the National Register, but is your assurance that you get Bass when you ask for it. There is no substitute for Bass, the Vintage Ale of England.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

JUPITER II, the bay gelding by My Stars—Rockaway, which has won the cup offered by *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for the best hunter at the International Horse Show, Olympia. It has since been sold to Mr. J. E. Ryan, of Pennsylvania

THE SUMMER RIVIERA (*Continued from page* 50)

anchored at least a mile off, "calling on the old man," as they termed it. At Juan the zoom of motors is seldom absent, as speed-boats career about, hauling water-skiers in their wake, and air baptisms are ceaselessly given. One morning I made the acquaintance of a newcomer, the water-hog. He comes straight at swimmers in his speed-boat and then shows how beautifully he can steer clear at the last moment. The French have a shout for him: *Salaud!*

The relative calm of the Croisette is doubly welcome. Cannes is now the large-scale summer resort, replete with continuous private beaches and gymnastic preserves. The leading hotel has stepped into line by adding an open-air terrace restaurant, while an open-air cinema has appeared by the Casino. Cannes is a sparkling affair by night, the trees hung with coloured lights or floodlit, café orchestras vying with municipal band. Male mannequins are to be seen on duty by day and night. They swagger by the beaches in slightest slip, muscles gleaming, bodies showing glorious synthetic tint. At galas they try to launch white dinner jackets, with carnations and stiffest collars.

Cannes has produced the summer's novelty in the "pocket car," 2 ft. high by 6 ft. long, but seating two and capable of 20 m.p.h.; 2s. an hour, and you wriggle anywhere you like or care to risk. Onwards to St. Raphäel, famed for its red-rocked inlets and shady approaches—appreciated to the full by alfresco parties—and for sumptuous villas half-hidden by a riot of flowers and tropical vegetation. Cars will pass until 4 and 5 a.m., bringing the last parties back from the Frégate and Cannes Palm Beach Casino.

And so through stifling and bomb-conscious, but ever attractive Toulon to Sanary, Bandol, Cassis, each a resort, primarily, of people who like things quiet and close to true Mediterranean seaboard life, of artists and writers and intellectuals (vile word), and of decorative refugees. Fashions along this final stretch are Tahitian when not Mexican, indicative of the strong Californian influence as a whole. Spreading Mexican hats, or else flowers in rather straggly hair, artificial cherries as earrings, heavy bangles and rings, scarfs and doings of all the colours of the rainbow, correctly shown up by skins burnt almost to South Seas hue.

SIAM BUILDS HER OWN ALDERSHOT (*Continued from page* 55)

strangest cities in the east, for side by side with an ultra-modern military settlement will be the ruins of the city at which King Narai received the ambassadors of Louis XIV, and whose ruins show to a great extent the influence of western civilisation prevailing in Siam at that time.

Since the coup d'état of 1932 and the abdication of King Prajadhipok in 1935, Siam has advanced steadily and without undue incident from an absolute monarchy to a progressive democracy under a People's Party that has set about in workmanlike fashion the task of developing the country's rich natural resources, and of strengthening her social and political fabric. At the head of the state there is now a Regency Council, while the boy-king, Ananda, twelve-year-old nephew of the ex-king, continues his education undisturbed in Lausanne, where he has his mother to watch over him.

One of Siam's leading statesmen, Phja Bakol Sena, last year summarised the government's aims when he declared that he wished to see a "revitalised nation, rescued from obscurity, safe from attack, and able to take her place among other Pacific nations in international affairs."

"Siam for the Siamese" is the slogan of the nation's youth organisations, engendered perhaps by their grievances against the Chinese, who dominate the commerce of the country, but at the same time it is to be noted that the Siamese are distinctly favourable to the Japanese and, in this circumstance, there are many far-seeing people who anticipate danger ahead. Japan has without doubt been wooing Siam assiduously, subtle propaganda doing much to fan the flames of resentment against the Chinese.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA: A HOLIDAY GROUND OF BEAUTY AND INTEREST

REFLECTING THE GLORIES OF THE PAST: Devin Castle, which can truly be described as one of the finest relics in Czechoslovakia, was the centre of the great Moravian Empire. Its known history goes back 1,000 years

THE clouds over Europe a few weeks ago had a silver lining. They did more to fix the name Czechoslovakia in our minds than anything else could have done. With their traditional interest in "the little fellow" who is ready to stick up for himself, our people have wanted to know who, what, why and where he is. They have found him a nature of races under a republican regime redeemed by the great war and constituted, one might say, the strategic heart of Europe. Having acquired quite a lot of information under those heads, is any wonder that they now want to go and have a look at him? It so happens that as he passed through the "teens" of national development—he is twenty this year, remember—he has to the fact that he has tremendous lo: to show visitors and last year made determined efforts to get others ourselves among them, realise that fact. Knowing that such things are not done in a year, or even this year, he wisely embarked on another scheme

PIESTANY SPA: One of the most famous in the world. Roman legions knew the properties of the hot mud from the river bed

SUBTERRANEAN FAIRYLAND: Stalagmites which have been built up through the ages in the Macocha Caves to the north of Brno

The drama of Austria swiftly played on his doorstep; in a matter of hours his frontier to his fearful German neighbour lengthened by 200 miles and more, and the world began to hear from the obsoleten minority. In the days of what was nothing more or less than a crisis the little fellow showed courage and restraint, got on with his great gymnastic festival performed by the Sokols, which came to a triumphant climax this week, and now with tranquillity restored, more than ever welcomes the tourist.

Czechoslovakia has an extraordinarily wide range of interest to the tourist, indeed there seems to be only one thing it cannot offer—the sea, but it has other waters in abundance, lakes, rivers and springs in settings of great beauty. Those waters, in so far as they have curative properties, are world famous and are a very important asset in the economic life of the nation.

There are about 500 medicinal and mineral springs in the country and many of them were in use when Rome was at the height of her power. In these days they are well organised, so that the fullest curative advantages are available. It is claimed that every invalid finds in these spas real recuperation and recovery of health no matter what his ailment may be. I rejoice in the admission that I have had no occasion to test that claim.

When the republic was carved out of the ruins of Central Europe it acquired some of the most famous spas in the world, and proceeded to introduce unfamiliar names for them such as Karlovy Vary (Carlsbad), Mariánské Lázně (Marienbad), Piešťany (Pistyan), Františkovy Lázně (Frazenbad) and Jáchymov (Joachimsthal). The accents are rather baffling to the English tongue and the old names are dying hard. An exception is Pistyan, where the change was slight and the energetic direction of the spa has taken special measures to make the new form known.

NATIONAL DRESS: This child with inconvenient sleeves comes from Moravia

There are about 100 health resorts with modern amenities in the country and quite as many more frequented only by the people living around. Of the five just mentioned, four are tucked up close to the frontier where it pushes deepest into Germany and they are, therefore, very close to the capital, Praha, or as it is known to us, Prague, one of the outstanding cities of Europe. It is steeped in history and the site was inhabited in prehistoric time.

The old fortress of Vyšehrad, the settlement of the earliest Czech princes, has yielded relics dating back between 3,000 and 4,000 years, but to-day its crowning glory is Hradčany, the Castle of Prague, which is approached by the bridge across the Vltava built by Charles IV some six centuries ago.

Along the river, a tributary of the Elbe, rise numerous hills and long slopes intersected by several deep valleys. The various quarters of the city stretch panoramically on hills and in terraces on the slopes and also fill the valleys. From the hills you get magnificent views, the beauty being enhanced by the green of numerous islands in the waterway, the gardens and the parks, greatest among them the Královska Oborá (Royal Deer Park).

Under a generous use of floodlighting by night at this time of year, Prague with its seventy towers is an enchanting picture. Historically and culturally it is so full of interest that it is impossible to include a detailed description, so let your itinerary allow as long as possible there.

After Prague where? To the immense forests of Sumava and Sub-Carpathian Russia, the wild mountains of the High and Low Tatras, the great rivers of Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia, the pleasant valleys of Central Bohemia, the mountains of Ore, Krkonöse, Bezkydy or Jeseníky, or the fairy world of the Macocha, Domica, and Demänova grottoes?

The choice is quite bewildering, and perversely I might vote for unpronounceable Uzhorod, away to the east, where the country tapers into the thin end of the wedge between Hungary and Rumania on the one side and Poland on the other. There you would find an altogether different Czechoslovakia from the far side; another people and unfamiliar scenery. In that remote part you approach the home of the bear, the heavy-weight of an almost limitless choice for the sportsman, but "Bruin" is a trophy reserved for the very few; Czechoslovakia has very sound policy on these matters.

HERLANY GEYSER, RUTHENIA: This is the only cold water geyser in Europe. The theory is that an accumulation of gas forces the water up from a hollow about 1,200 ft. below the ground. Owing to an air-lock at one point of the escape channel a considerable excess of pressure is needed before the water is driven up to ground level with the result that when it finally gets to the surface it rises like a fountain to heights varying from 40 to 100 ft. The intervals between the eruptions vary from 26 to 30 hrs., the eruption itself lasts from 20 to 50 mins. The column thrown up is so permeated with gas that it is more like foam than water and smells strongly of sulphur. The picture shows the eruption in full blast

Those who have not time to get far afield from Prague will find many very pleasant excursions in the surrounding country. Karlštejn Castle, one of the finest in the country—and there are many—is a half-day trip. It was built in wooded land on a high rock nearly 600 years ago by Charles IV, and is preserved in its original form and partly with the original decorations. The gothic castle of Křivoklát, surrounded by forest, and that of Konopíští, near Benešov, with an enormous English park and rose garden, are others of particular interest, and the towns of Mělník, at the confluence of the Vltava and the Elbe, and Poděbrady spa are also easily accessible.

The chief town of Moravia is Brno, and further south, close to the Hungarian frontier, is Bratislava. From there you can by rail or road make for the valley of the Váh, which runs right up to the High Tatras.

These mountains rise with surprising suddenness from the plain and their highest peak is Gerlachovský Štit, nearly 7,000 ft. In the shadow of the peaks are hidden lakes and tarns, more than 100 of them, the latter being called "pleso" by the Slovaks, which accounts for the use of the word in many place names. Strbské Pleso is one case and has the largest lake of all.

Tatranská Lomnica and Starý Smokovec are, with Strbské, among the best centres in the mountains.

Although the national spirit is strong, the creation of the republic brought under one rule many strains and these communities have their own customs and costumes. There are picturesque features which the most casual traveller will not completely miss, but for those who have the happy knack of getting right into the life of the country they are an endless delight.

Beverley Brooke

TWO CENTURIES OLD: A wooden church in the district of Verchovrid, largely the work of local builders and carpenters

AT 6,000 FT.: Jagged heights, pine forests, and deep, clear lakes are typical of High Tatras scenery. From Liberty Highway motorists get many glorious views

KRIVOKLAT CASTLE: Built in 1522, it is within easy motoring distance of Prague

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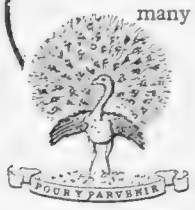

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In Quest o

Smedley's Hydro at Matlock of a Spa with the Attra

"HEALTH through happiness" is the aptest description I can think of for life at Smedley's Hydro, and as such it is a description of essentially a happy life in a happy place.

I have never driven through Matlock and looked up the hill to Smedley's, which towers above the village, without feeling a vague sense of foreboding—a foreboding which, as one draws nearer to this great grey stone building, becomes positively a feeling of depression.

And I have never experienced a greater contrast than that between the outside of Smedley's and the inside. As you walk through the swing doors which lead into the main hall of the building all foreboding leaves you, and you are intent only upon the homely, friendly welcome you will be receiving from the chief receptionist.

Everybody who is at all experienced in travelling has his own ideas of what constitutes hotel comfort, and everybody who is used to hydros will similarly have his own ideas on how they ought to be equipped. I can only say of Smedley's that it is unique, that every preconceived notion breaks down in the face of one's experience of it.

You may have gloomy pictures of what life is like at Smedley's. Put them out of your head, for if they are gloomy they are wrong. I am prepared to wager that you will not find in any five-star hotel up and down the country more genuine cheerfulness and gaiety than you will find under the hospitable roof of "Great Britain's greatest hydro."

One of the first things you will notice, as you stand in the hall, is a large notice board at one end, calling your attention to the various special attractions of the day. And you will certainly be surprised at their number. Lectures, concerts, cinema shows, dances, motor tours—entertainments of all kinds are being arranged for your delight, and I need hardly say that you have the choice of taking part in them or not taking part, at will. For Smedley's is so big that you can achieve quietness or gaiety according to your desire. If the ballroom resounds with dance music and laughter, the lounges at the other end of the huge corridor which almost fills the ground floor of the hydro will be as quiet and peaceful as the Derbyshire countryside.

In short, what I am trying to tell you is that whatever may have been its reputation in the past, Smedley's is no longer to be regarded solely as a curative institution. A hydro it is primarily, and always will be. Nothing, I am convinced, will ever divert its directors from their constant policy of providing first for those people who come there to take the waters. But nowadays it is also a holiday resort which takes a great deal of beating.

Think of it, for one moment, as if it were an hotel. It is equipped according to the standards of a five-star hotel, the food is simple and excellent, the

HOLIDAY LIST

Place the following items in order of preference by putting 1, 2, 3, etc., in the space provided:

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DANCING		GOLF	
TENNIS		SQUASH	
CLIMATE		SCENERY	
BADMINTON		SWIMMING	
GYMNASIUM		SKITTLES	
COMFORT		SERVICE	
CABARETS		TALKIES	
BOWLS		CROQUET	

Personally, *our* first three would be Cuisine, Comfort and Service; but if we were you, we wouldn't bother filling it in at all, because the terms at the Palace include everything, and as we are booking up pretty rapidly for July, August and September you will spend your time much better by writing for our brochure instead.

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

which Combines the Benefits ions of a Holiday Centre

bedrooms are large and comfortable and, of course, they all have running water. There is dancing nightly in the ballroom. There is free tennis on excellent hard courts in the grounds, free golf on the Matlock course close by. There are ten acres of beautiful garden, and the whole is set in one of the most glorious pieces of scenery in Great Britain.

Perhaps the most satisfactory way in which to use Smedley's is to treat it both as a spa and as a holiday centre. For nobody—however fit—will not be better for regular drinking of the Smedley's water, and I can testify myself to the excellent effect which a few days of it induce. If you want no more in the way of a spa treatment, no more will be thrust upon you. You are at Smedley's, so the attitude of everyone around you seems to say to you "Enjoy yourself," and you may enjoy yourself in whatever manner suits you best.

I have he people say that they do not car or Derbyshire on account of, what th erm, the harshness of its climate. B this, I assure you, is a fallacy. Th r of Matlock is bracing—which is we usually seek on a holiday—b is not unduly so. And as to a har nate, I have rarely been in a place seems more constantly bathed in s m Smedley's. Standing 500 ft. up o hillside, its vast facade is turned south, and whatever mellowness warmth of climate is to be found i and, you will certainly find at Sm

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. A. J., West Byfleet.—Yes, I can help you to find an hotel in Exmouth of the type you want—the Moriglen, on the Budleigh Salterton road. You will find this very comfortably equipped and pleasantly decorated, and from what I have seen of it you should strike just the sort of youthful cheery company that you are looking for. Incidentally, although this place is away from the crowds, which was what you required, it is a very few minutes' walk to the sea through rather pleasant streets.

N. B., Bisley.—Until a few days ago I should have been unable to answer your inquiry as satisfactorily as I could wish, but I have just discovered a place which should suit you particularly well—the Limpley Stoke Hotel at Limpley Stoke, some five miles south-east of Bath. You will find everything here for your comfort and amusement, and access to Bath is particularly easy, so that you can undergo the spa treatment without staying in a relaxing climate.

The country round about Limpley Stoke is exceedingly pretty, and the hotel garden itself is at the moment a delight to the eye. This hotel has recently come under very enterprising proprietorship and has been thoroughly re-equipped in such important features of daily life as modern mattresses and a positive profusion of bathrooms!

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In Quest of Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Fife Arms at Braemar with its Typical Scottish Hospitality—The Only Hotel Named After Scotland's Only Lake

A COUPLE of weeks ago I wrote about the Invercauld Arms at Braemar, and this week I have another delightful halting place, also at Braemar—the Fife Arms.

Braemar is, to many people, the *pièce de résistance* of a Scottish holiday. It has been aptly described by an English traveller as "the place of happy end and glorious beginning," and I particularly like this description, for not only will the critical traveller find a happy end easy to achieve in this delightful place, but it is, as far as I know, impossible to reach Braemar without tasting the joys of that glorious beginning.

From whichever direction you approach Braemar, you have to go through some of the loveliest scenery in Scotland, and the road from the south through Perth, the Spittal of Glenshee and across the Cairnwell Pass provides a beginning so glorious that you are bound to feel in holiday mood when you arrive at Braemar.

Once there, it is a place which offers any amount of enjoyment. If you are holiday-making in winter, you will find that Braemar is one of the few places in Scotland where the hills provide a virtual certainty of good winter sporting.

And every winter, during the months of January and February, it is no unusual sight to see the junction at Ballater, where the railway traveller has to change for Braemar, piled high with skis and toboggans.

In the summer months there is climbing and walking as good as can be found anywhere in the British Isles. Indeed, I have personally to experience any country which offers the same thrill to the amateur climber as the four great peaks of the Cairngorms—Ben Muich Dhui, Cairn Gorm, Cairn Toul and Braeriach, all of them over 4,000 ft., all of them magnificent in appearance and opportunity.

I need hardly say that for both fishing and deer-stalking this part of the country is supreme. However, for the ordinary traveller it is perhaps of more importance that there is an admirable 18-hole golf course at Braemar.

The Fife Arms is a very solid, very comfortable, typically Scottish hotel. From the outside it is an attractive well-built house, standing among pines. Inside, you get that deliberately slightly old-fashioned atmosphere of warmth and hospitality which makes Scottish travel such a delight.

But do not suppose that an old-fashioned atmosphere means an old-fashioned standard of comfort. There are bedrooms at the Fife Arms which have clearly been designed by men who know all there is to know about the science of plumbing, and there is hot and cold water everywhere. It is true to say that in every point of comfort where you value modernity, you will find the Fife Arms modern, and in every point of atmosphere and dignity where an older generation seems to compel respect you will find it old-fashioned in the best sense of the word. Here, indeed, is a luxurious and truly comfortable background for all the pleasures and excitements of a holiday in the hills.

In a very different, but in its way equally delightful, part of the country is another place which I must assuredly write about before I take my leave of Scotland—the Lake Hotel at Port of Menteith, a few miles south-west of Callander in West Perthshire.

The Lake Hotel, standing on the shores of the Lake of Menteith, has at least one advantage over all its rivals in the whole of Scotland. You cannot forget its name, for the Lake of Menteith is the only lake in Scotland, and so far as I know, this hotel is the only hotel called after a lake.

The Lake Hotel is an extremely attractive small building, standing, as its name implies, right on the water's edge. It has a peculiarly homely atmosphere. From the outside, indeed, you might take it as being some rather superior country rectory. The views over the lake are magnificent, and if I were to take a holiday here, I should feel that I wanted nothing more than to submit myself to the good offices of Mrs. Dalrymple, the proprietrix, to eat her excellent food, to sleep in her comfortable beds, to enjoy her delightful hotel, and—whenever I had nothing better to do—to sit in front of it in a deck-chair, looking over the lake.

A real point of interest about the Lake of Menteith is the romantic isle of Inchmahome, the isle of rest, which can be reached by boat from the hotel. Here, there is a magnificent ruined priory where David the Second, King of Scotland, was married; a garden which was made by Mary, Queen of Scots, when she was sent to the island for refuge after the Battle of Pinkie, and a more modern relic—but none the less interesting to lovers of Scotland and the adventurous—the tomb of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, one of the most justly renowned of all Scots.

I should remind people who are interested in Scottish history and ancient monuments that it is well worth some sacrifice to visit Inchmahome, and that they can obtain, at the price of 2d., a most illuminating little guide book on the island, which is published by H.M. Office of Works.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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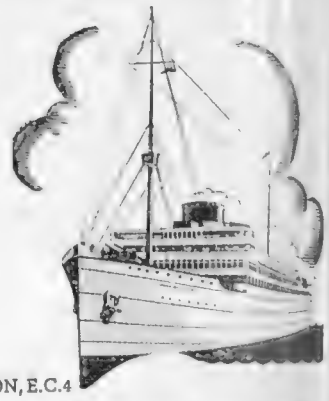

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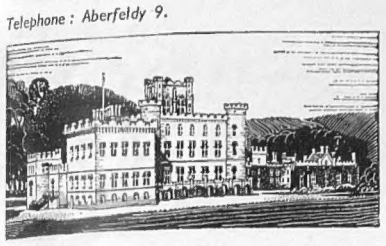

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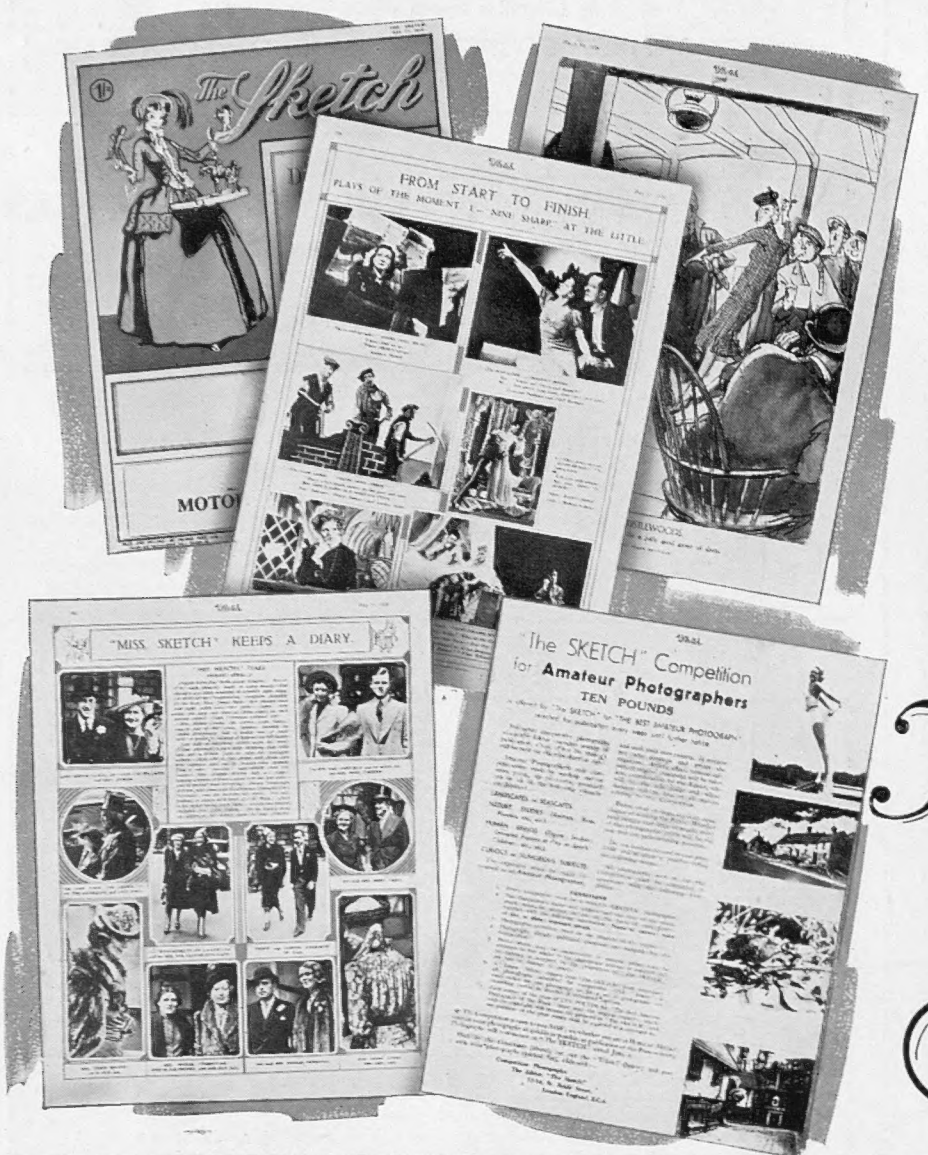

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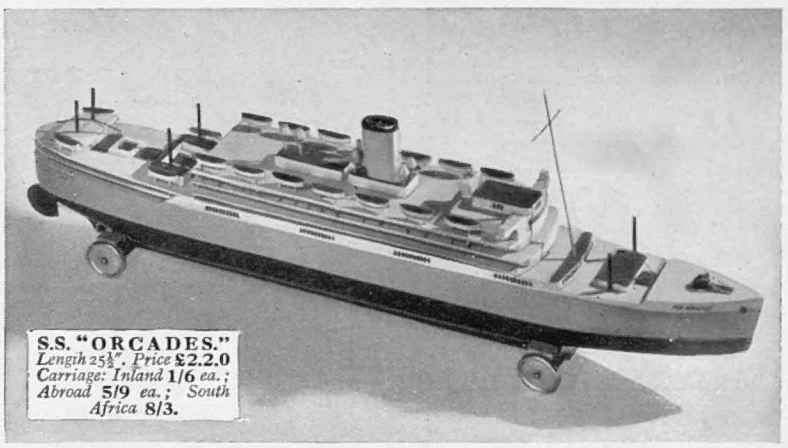

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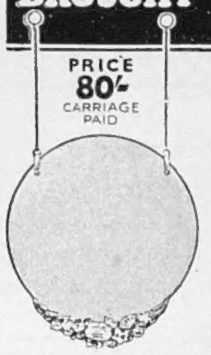

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Davos.—**Palace Hotel.**—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—**Metropole & National.**—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—**Bear Gd. Hotel.**—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—**Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—**Park Hotel (Lake Thun).**—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr. 12.50.

Interlaken.—**Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.**—Finest sitn. on main prom, facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—**Hotel Schweizerhof.**—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

Klosters.—**Grand Hotel Vereina.**—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—**Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—**Hotel Meurice.**—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—**Victoria.**—First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—**Hotel Balmoral.**—Quietest situation. Most comfortable. Excellent catering.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—**Beau-Rivage-Palace.**—The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.**—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—**Hotel Balances & Bellevue.**—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—**Carlton Hotel.**—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—**Grand National.**—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—**The Palace.**—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation *directly* on lake shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—**Majestic Hotel.**—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pelerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

Montreux.—**Montreux Palace Hotel.**—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—**Park Hotel.**—Ab. village, 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Thun.—**Hotel Bellevue and Park.**—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—**Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.**—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. Diet if required. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—**Parkhotel.**
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—**Waldkurhaus.**—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by splndid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen (Bernese Oberland).—**Parc Hotel Beausite.**—First class family hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5.

Wengen.—**Palace Hotel.**—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—**Hotel Bellerive au lac.**—
Finest situation on lake.
Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—**Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.**—Fam. htl. unriv. position overlooking town, lake & Alps. Full board fr. 14. Swim. pool. Golf. Tennis.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie." Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury.—Coombe House Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56¼).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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